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Brief Memoirs
OF
REMARKABLE CHILDREN,

WHOSE LEARNING OR WHOSE PIETY

Is worthy the Imitation of those

Little Boys and Girls
WHO DESIRE TO IMPROVE THEIR MINDS,
TO INCREASE IN WISDOM,
AND TO
GROW IN FAVOUR WITH GOD AND MAN.

COLLECTED BY
A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

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THE Editor of these Brief Memorials will consider it an act of great kindness if any person, who takes an interest in the rising generation, will furnish him with any authentic accounts of pious or learned youth, to insert in the future volumes of this publication, which will be sent to the press from time to time as fresh materials are obtained. Any such communications will be thankfully received, if sent for him to the Publisher's.

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ACCOUNT
OF
RICHARD, SON OF JOHN EVELYN, ESQ. F.R.S.
AUTHOR OF THE SYLVA, &c.
Written by his Father,
AND EXTRACTED FROM HIS DIARY.

1658. Jan. 27.—AFTER six fits of an ague, died my son Richard, five years and three days old only, but at that tender age a prodigy for wit and understanding; for beauty of body a very angel; for endowment of mind of incredible and rare hopes. To give only a little taste of some of them, and thereby glory to God:— At two years and a half old he could perfectly read any of the English, Latin, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. He had before the fifth year, or in that year, not only skill to read most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of the irregular; learned out Puerilis, got by heart almost the entire vocabulary of Latin and French primitives.

and words, could make congruous syntax, turn English into Latin, and *vice versâ*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, ellipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's *Janua*; began himself to write legibly, and had a strong passion for Greek. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and what he remembered of the parts of plays, which he would also act; and when seeing a Plautus in one's hand, he asked what book it was, and being told it was comedy, and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and morals, for he had read *Æsop*; he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers propositions of Euclid, that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of scripture upon occasion, and his sense of God: he had learned all his catechism early, and understood the historical part of the Bible and New Testament to a wonder—how Christ came to mankind, and how, comprehending these necessities himself, his godfathers were discharged of

their promise. These, and the like illuminations, far exceeding his age and experience, considering the prettiness of his address and behaviour, cannot but leave impressions in me at the memory of him. When one told him how many days a Quaker had fasted, he replied, that was no wonder, for Christ had said man should not live by bread alone, but by the word of God. He would of himself select the most pathetic Psalms, and chapters out of Job, to read to his maid during his sickness, telling her, when she pitied him, that all God's children must suffer affliction. He declaimed against the vanities of the world, before he had seen any. Often he would desire those who came to see him to pray by him, and a year before he fell sick, to kneel and pray with him alone in some corner. How thankfully would he receive admonition! how soon be reconciled! how indifferent, yet continually cheerful! He would give grave advice to his brother John, bear with his impertinences, and say he was but a child. If he heard of or saw any new thing, he was unquiet till he was told how it was made; he brought to us all such difficulties as he found in books to be expounded. He had learned by heart divers sentences in

Greek and Latin, which on occasion he would produce even to wonder. He was all life, all prettiness, far from morose, sullen, or childish in any thing he said or did. The last time he had been at church, which was at Greenwich, I asked him, according to custom, what he remembered of the sermon; two good things, father, said he, *bonum gratiæ*, and *bonum gloriæ*, (the excellence of grace, and the excellence of glory,) with a just account of what the preacher said. The day before he died, he called to me, and, in a more serious manner than usual, told me, that for all I loved him so dearly, I should give my house, land, and all my fine things, to his brother Jack, he should have none of them; and next morning, when he found himself ill, and that I persuaded him to keep his hands in bed, he demanded whether he might pray to God with his hands unjoined; and a little after, whilst in great agony, whether he should not offend God by using his holy name so often by calling for ease. What shall I say of his frequent pathological ejaculations uttered of himself:—Sweet Jesus save me, deliver me, pardon my sins, let thine angels receive me? So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! But thus God,

having dressed up a saint fit for himself, would not longer permit him with us, unworthy of the future fruits of this incomparable hopeful blossom. Such a child I never saw ! for such a child I bless God, in whose bosom he is ! May I and mine become as this little child, which now follows the child *Jesus*, that Lamb of God, in a white robe, whithersoever he goes ! Even so, Lord Jesus, let thy will be done. Thou gavest him to us, thou hast taken him from us, blessed be the name of the Lord ! That I had any thing acceptable to thee was from thy grace alone, since from me he had nothing but sin ; but that thou hast pardoned, blessed be my God, for ever ! Amen. *

* *Vide Evelyn's Pref. to Trans. of Chrysost. on Education.*

SURPRISING ACCOUNT

OF

A LEARNED BOY.

EXTRACTED FROM MR. EVELYN'S DIARY FOR 1689.



Jan. 27.—I DINED at the Admiralty, where was brought in a child not twelve years old, the son of Dr. Clench, of the most prodigious maturity of knowledge, for I cannot call it altogether memory, but something more extraordinary. Mr. Pepys and myself examined him, not in any method, but with promiscuous questions, which required judgment and discernment to answer so readily and pertinently. There was not any thing in chronology, history, geography, the several systems of astronomy, courses of the stars, longitude, latitude, doctrine of the spheres, courses and sources of rivers, creeks, harbours, eminent cities, boundaries and bearings of countries, not only in Europe, but in any other part of the earth, which he did not readily resolve, and demonstrate his knowledge of, readily drawing out with a pen any thing he would describe. He was able not only to repeat the most famous

things which are left us in any of the Greek or Roman histories, monarchies, republics, wars, colonies, exploits by sea and land, but all the sacred scriptures of the Old and New Testament; the succession of all the monarchies, Babylonian, Persian, Greek, Roman, with all the lower emperors, popes, heresiarchs, and councils, what they were called about, what they determined, or in the controversy about Easter; the tenets of the Gnostics, Sabellians, Arians, Nestorians; the difference between St. Cyprian and Stephen about rebaptization; the schisms. We leaped from that to other things totally different, to Olympic years and synchronisms; we asked him questions which could not be resolved without considerable meditation and judgment, nay of some particulars of the civil wars, of the digest and code. He gave a stupendous account of both natural and moral philosophy, and even in metaphysics. Having thus exhausted ourselves rather than this wonderful child, or angel rather, for he was as beautiful and lovely in countenance as in knowledge, we concluded with asking him, if in all he had read or heard of, he had ever met with any thing which was like this expedition of the *Prince of Orange*, with so small a force to obtain

three kingdoms without any contest. * After a little thought, he told us that he knew of nothing which did more resemble it than the coming of Constantine the Great out of Great Britain, through France and Italy, so tedious a march, to meet Maxentius, whom he overthrew at *Pons Milvius* with very little conflict, and at the very gates of Rome, which he entered, and was received with triumph, and obtained the empire, not of three kingdoms only, but of all the then known world. He was perfect in the Latin authors, spake French naturally, and gave us a description of France, Italy, Savoy, Spain, ancient and modernly divided ; as also of ancient Greece, Scythia, and the northern countries and tracts ; we left questioning further. He did this without any set or formal repetitions, as one who had learned things without book, but as if he minded other things, going about the room, and toying with a parrot there, seeming to be full of play, of a lively sprightly temper, always smiling, and exceeding pleasant, without the least levity, rudeness, or childishness.

* This conversation took place soon after the landing of William the Third, and before the resistance he met with in Ireland.

THE
SHORT LIFE AND TRIUMPHANT DEATH
OF
MISS S. H.

*Second Daughter of the late Rev. J. H. Chancellor of the
Diocese of L——k,*

Who departed this Life the 24th September, 1817,

IN THE FOURTEENTH YEAR OF HER AGE.



THE dear child, who is the subject of the following Memoir, was born at Orlinbury, in Northamptonshire, November 25, 1803. The early period of her life promised fair for health and strength. Precious as all the endearments of infancy are to the maternal heart, they are uninteresting to others; but when we can trace the effects of divine grace, the influence of the Spirit of God upon the heart, the most obscure individual, the very babe becomes an object of interest, edifying to the believer, and instructive to all.

In the year 1814, it pleased God to visit this dear child with an alarming and afflicting illness; the year preceding she had been bereaved of a

kind and tender father ; it seemed to have made a deep impression on her affectionate heart—he was much attached to her, and had taken peculiar delight in viewing her progress in the knowledge and love of divine things, which, even at this early period, she evinced.

When first the little tract, entitled the African Widow, was read to her, she was overcome with tears, and for a long time could not read it through herself, till her dear papa, taking her on his knee, read it frequently over to her, and pointed out to her the consolation the afflicted widow received, in beholding Jesus as the Saviour of sinners. After this, she learned the entire poem, and repeated it frequently to her dear papa. This circumstance was never effaced from her mind. Although she was not, at that period, more than eight years old, she took great delight in learning the Scriptures, and various hymns. At a very early age she could repeat every one of Watts's Hymns for Children, and several chapters in the Bible : her memory was good, and she was remarkably diligent—yet my child was not without many faults of temper ; the grace of God was magnified in subduing every unamiable disposition, and, from the

time the Lord afflicted her with bodily suffering, he seemed gradually to work in her to will and to do his good pleasure. In the January of 1816, a great change seemed effected in her mind; she was of retired and silent habits, thoughtful and considerate; she always asked the servant who put her to bed, to read the Scriptures to her, while undressing, and as long as she could stay after she was in bed.

I have now by me a letter, from one who had taken care of her about two years before her death, in which she says, "I cannot but congratulate you, Madam, that your dear child has so happily ended all her sufferings, which I have so often witnessed, and wondered at. Her patience and resignation, how often do I call to mind! When putting the dear child to bed, she would request me to read some favourite hymn, treating of the sufferings of her dear Redeemer and Saviour, which always seemed her favourite theme." My dear child was made partaker of His sufferings, who died, the just for the unjust; and she, now, through the riches of his grace, is made partaker also of his glory.

During nights of painful suffering, my dear child's discourse was always on the Scriptures—

Her desire to improve in every branch of her education was remarkable, so that it really was a pleasure to her teacher to instruct her. I often admired her economy of time ; her unwillingness to lose or mispend any part of that which she esteemed so valuable, and would often lament, when through weakness she was obliged to stay in bed in the morning. On one occasion, when her sister brought up her breakfast, she said,

“ How much better I’m attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like me.”

When she sat up in bed, it was always her Bible she asked for : and I find it noted in her pocket-book, when she finished the Bible and again commenced it. But it was not read as a task ; no, it was engraven on her heart, and her mind was continually engaged in the contemplation of its sacred truths, as appeared from letters she was in the habit of writing to me, in the course of the week, in which she always inquired into the meaning of some passage of Scripture, or concerning her own improvement or profit, in reading the word of God. At one time she ~~anxiously inquired, if I thought there were de-~~

grees of happiness in heaven, and to know if I did not think David thought there were, when he said, he would rather be a door-keeper in the house of God ; and she frequently asked me to point out her faults, observing, that she felt that self-will and impatience appeared to be her greatest faults, but that she always prayed against them : her pocket-book evinced the subject of her thoughts, and her acquaintance with scripture. Whenever I observed my child act or speak inconsistently, it was sufficient to point out to her, that such and such things were contrary to the word of God—she would confess her error with tears, and beg my forgiveness. At one time, reading the prophet Jonah to me, when she came to that verse, *What meanest thou, O sleeper?* she threw her arms about my neck, and weeping, she cried, Oh, Mamma, how well I remember dear papa preaching on that text. This astonished me, as she could not, at that time, have been eight years old. I was surprised a sermon should then have made such an impression on her mind. Amidst all her bodily infirmities and weaknesses, my child had an active and diligent mind, anxious to be an assistance and comfort to me. She begged I would give up to her the

care of two of the youngest children : this duty, which she took on herself, she steadily performed ; and that with such persevering gentleness, patience, and sense, that she endeared herself to them while she kept them steadily to their business, never suffering any thing to break in on their daily lessons. How exemplary was her whole deportment ! how mild, how sensible, how prudent ! She would not suffer sin to pass un-reproved ; but, in the kindest manner, she would enforce religious and moral principles on their tender minds : she was fond of reading, writing, and drawing ; her improvement and progress in each were even beyond my expectation. For some time, my child had not been permitted to go to church, lest it should fatigue her. On the day before Easter Sunday, she begged me earnestly to let her accompany me to church, the following Sabbath : I complied, and she continued to go for some time. How much she valued the privilege may be seen by her papers ; I find noted down in her pocket-book each sermon she heard. At length, my beloved child seemed to suffer so much, in keeping herself up during service, that I urged her to give it up, in which she meekly acquiesced. At one time

when I was ill, my dear child seemed to take pleasure in showing me all she could do for me, writing many letters for me, with so much sense and steadiness, as greatly to delight her uncle, and other friends. Thus did I trace the progress of divine grace in my beloved child. Silent, modest, and gentle, she made no profession; but I witnessed her simplicity of character, her meek resignation, her entire submission to the divine appointment. When I was inclined to grieve that my beloved child was deprived of the gratifications of youth, and too often lamented that she could not partake of the active amusements of her brothers and sisters, my sweet and patient child bore all these privations with perfect calmness of mind, finding all her pleasure in sitting by me, with her book or work.

Since the month of July, I painfully observed her constitution sinking, and her strength daily decreasing. In vain was medical aid; the decree was gone forth—her months were numbered, and, therefore, her disease baffled the power of medicine. My darling child found some enjoyment in exercise, and in removing to the house of a friend for some time. A desire to improve her mind, and acquire knowledge, gave


her a motive for exertion, notwithstanding the great langour produced by extreme debility. The time drew nigh, when I was to surrender the beloved object of my care, and most tender anxiety. I marked the progress of disease with much inward conflict; I desired strength to yield her up with resignation, to my God, and her God. I sought opportunity to lay open to my child the danger she was in, but it often died on my lips, and my heart shrank from the disclosure of the solemn truth. My God, thou knowest my weakness; thou didst not leave her to my teaching, but didst sweetly teach her thyself; didst lead her into all truth, and, at the last, thou didst enlarge her heart, and unloose her tongue, to declare all thy praise, and to magnify the exceeding grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; so that the closing scene of my beloved child's life became to me an hour of inward joy and thankfulness; to her dear brothers and sisters, who surrounded her dying bed, a deep, solemn, and edifying sight, such as, I trust, through the divine blessing, will never, never be erased from their minds; and to the friends who witnessed it, a most affecting and deeply interesting scene.

In removing from my own house, my darling

child had directed several books to be packed up, observing she would have much time to read to me in the country, and particularly enjoyed the idea that she should spend the Sabbath alone with me, which was always the object of her wishes. Having been in the habit of repeating texts of scripture for me, during the week, on various subjects, I have often had occasion to wonder at the rapid progress my child made in scriptural knowledge, doctrinal truths, and that practical influence they should have on the life ; her quick discernment of right and wrong ; the maturity of her judgment, the enlargement of her mind ; and, above all, that measure of divine wisdom which only God can impart, and which, coming from above, is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated, and which is without hypocrisy. All these lovely graces I observed in my sweet child, brightening as she drew towards the close of her earthly career. What hath God wrought ! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits ! How has he perfected his praise out of the mouth of this my child, ordaining her to bring forth fruit, and that her fruit should remain ! For by her death she still speaketh.

I draw near the closing scene, and nature

mourns, while my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour. Very sweet and pleasant wast thou to thy mother, my sainted child, in the days of thy sojourning here ; and, oh, how precious is thy remembrance, now thou art removed from my desiring eyes. Thy poor worn-out tabernacle is laid in the cold and silent grave ! No more can thy anxious mother watch thy bed, smooth thy pillow, dress thy tender limbs, seek to nourish thy delicate frame, cheer thy drooping spirits, or instil into thy tender mind the sacred principles of divine truth. No, my child is now emancipated from all pain, and care, and sickness, equal to the angels, who excel in strength. The Lamb, who is in the midst of the paradise of God, has wiped away all her tears, clothed her with the garments of salvation, crowned her with a glorious diadem, feeds her with the living bread, and gives her to drink of the fountain of life ; she shall thirst no more, no more know weariness or painfulness ; but, filled with the divine fulness, she beholds God as he is, and is made like unto him. Blessed be the Lord, who hath done for us great things, whereof we rejoice ! My heart yields this darling object of its tender affection to her dear Saviour.



Desiring to record his mercies and truth, I note down the last words of my sainted child. The night previous to that which terminated her short course here below, my child awoke, and turning to me, she said, "Was not that a quiet sleep, mamma?"

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Again she said, "Mamma, I have a great deal to say to you, but am not able ; but I love to hear you talk." She frequently asked me to read her a few verses in the Bible. Many sweet words came from her, expressive of patient resignation, and perfect calmness of spirit. Often when she observed me in tears, she begged me not to grieve, reminding me I had many other children ; spoke gratefully and affectionately of the attention and love she met from her brothers and sisters, and other friends, often particularizing them to me. At one time she threw her arms round my neck, and, with many tears, she said, "Oh, my dear, dear mother, I hope I shall not grow up and be unkind to you." These sweet expressions of grateful love often called forth

my tears, which she always endeavoured to repress.

In the morning of that last sad day, she opened her eyes, and looking earnestly in my face, she said,

“ Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.”

How did I rejoice in this testimony ! I embraced my darling child, and said, “ My child, do you not love Jesus more than your mamma.” At first she was silent : when I repeated the question, she replied, “ I hope, mamma, when God is going to take me, he will enable me to do so ;” and, oh, how wonderfully and graciously was her desire fulfilled ! The Lord mercifully disengaged her young heart from every earthly tie. I again asked her, “ What gave death a *sting* ?” she replied, “ *Sin*.”—“ What, then, my darling, takes away the sting ?” immediately she answered, “ The blood of Christ.” Shortly after this she said, “ Whom have I in heaven but *thee*, and there is none upon earth I desire in comparison of thee :” thus evincing, that God had then dissolved the charm, given her the victory, and

filled up her *whole* heart. Her breathing towards evening became most painful: no word of impatience escaped her lips; her countenance was not only serene, but there was a sweet smile when she spoke. After remaining some time silent, about nine o'clock she turned to me, and said, "My dear mamma, take me in *your arms*, and lay me in the *arms* of Jesus." I replied, "Oh, my beloved child, you are safe in your Saviour's arms, you do not fear death." "Oh, no," she replied, "folded in my Saviour's arms, I am safe from every fear." When I observed she would soon be before the throne of God, she added, "Yes, mamma, and he will wipe away all tears from my eyes, and I shall sing the song of grace, and view my glorious hiding place: I know, I know *his* grace is sufficient for me." I said, "My child, you have to pass the dark valley of the shadow of death:" "yes," she added, "and *he* will be with me, and his rod and staff will comfort me." She then desired to be raised up in her bed, and calling for all her brothers and sisters, she took a solemn and affecting farewell of them, kissing each affectionately, and thanking them for their attention during her illness; and, distressing as every exertion must

have been to her weak frame, and nearly exhausted breath, she stooped to embrace the youngest child. Observing her sister cry, she said, "Louisa, why do you cry; don't you know I am going to God?" When her aunt observed, "You are, my dear, a happy child," she replied, "How can I be but happy when I am going to God? Good bye, aunt; won't you stay with mamma; give my love to my aunt G——." She then turned to me, and said, "Mamma dear, be sure to tell John I remembered him, and be sure to tell Edward I remembered him," (her two brothers who were absent); then sweetly looking at me, she said, "And now good bye, my dear, dear mamma; kiss me." I stooped to kiss her dear lips; she clasped her arms round me, and pouring out her heart in fervent prayer, she said, "God Almighty bless you, my ever dear mamma, and all my brothers and sisters, my uncle William, and all my uncles and aunts; my cousins, the N——'s, Mrs. S. and a great many other friends, I cannot name now: and, oh, grant that I may meet them *all* before the throne of God, and that they may *all* know Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal, life eternal!" Her arms dropped, and she lay for a time as if in

secret prayer ; then turning to me, she whispered softly in my ear to remind her younger brothers and sisters, what she used to say to them when at lessons, about speaking the truth : thus, in her dying moments, evincing the interest she took in their spiritual welfare. Then, with a sweet and placid smile in her countenance, she mentioned some few things she wished to have given to each of her brothers and sisters, always adding, "That is, if you please, mamma." She said, "There are a few papers in my writing box, mamma, which, perhaps, you would like to keep yourself, to remember me," and she smiled as if it were a trivial thing to give me. She observed, "that her Prayer-Book she would not wish any body to have but me, *because you know*, mamma ;"—I knew she alluded to this, as having been her beloved father's, which I had given her as a remembrancer. She then asked me to shew her a lock of his hair which I had promised to give her ; he seemed much in her remembrance, as though she expected soon to meet him on the heavenly shore.

She told me where I should find some money she had laid by, for a pair of shoes for a poor boy. After thus disposing of all her little things,

she lay back, and putting up her weak and trembling hands, she said, " Now come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." She asked me to pray by her, when, all kneeling round her bed, I offered up an earnest prayer, that the Lord Jesus, the great Shepherd of the sheep, would carry this lamb in his arms, and take her to his bosom, granting her an abundant entrance into his kingdom: she joined fervently, clasping her little hands, and repeating the words after me, " Amen, Amen, an abundant entrance into thy kingdom of glory! Oh, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; why tarry?" Asking often the hour, she began to fear she was to outlive the night; and, looking at her brother, who was a medical student, she would say, " Charles, are people long *stopping*?—meaning that she was anxious to stop breathing; then looking towards me, she said several times, " Mamma, I am praying for resignation and patience." Seeing her sink back on her pillow, I raised my hands and heart to God, blessing him that my child was no longer *mine*, but *his*. She opened her eyes, and with a most lovely smile she said, " Oh, mamma, I am *your's* yet!" Her breathing became most agonizing; she began to be eager for her dismissal. I observed to her, that she must tarry

the Lord's leisure ; that God's time was the best ; that *his* will should be *hers* ; that patience must have its perfect work. She lay meekly resigned, then expressed a wish her brothers should leave her for a time ; and turning to me, she said, " The reason, mamma, I wished them to go away, was, because I feared I was growing worse, and could not pray while they were all with me." She frequently urged all to go to bed, saying, " she thought she would stop till morning ;" and then she added, " I shall make you all cry again." Hitherto her joy and holy triumph had been unclouded ; but, at about twelve o'clock, a most painful and agonizing scene commenced : inward convulsive pangs seized my afflicted suffering child ; the enemy of souls assailed her with his terrors ; her mind wandered : she seemed for a moment to lose her confidence and peace in believing ; but Jesus, the all sufficient Saviour, drew nigh unto her ; his everlasting arms were beneath her, and the burning bush was not consumed, for the Lord was there ; she exultingly cried out, " Yes, I am in Christ's arms, and I see Christ, and I am in my mamma's arms, and we are both in Christ's

arms ; and now, mamma, I am going to God's throne."

When we prayed for her dismissal, she evidenced the clearness of her reason, by joining in every word: while I called upon God to gather to himself her spirit and her breath, she fervently joined, saying continually, "Amen, Amen." Then naming all around her bed, she fixed her dear expiring eyes, beaming with tenderness, on me, and said, "Now I am in mamma's soft arms ; now I am laying my head on mamma's breast ; now I see Christ ; there he is, mamma !" pointing her little hands upwards, her countenance lighted up with rapture: "See, see that star, mamma ; you know it is in the Bible. Now I am coming to Christ, and we shall *all* be with Christ, from Deane to William," (naming the eldest and youngest of the family.) With these words, "I am in Christ's arms, I am going to God's throne," her tongue faltered, her eyes closed, the conflict ceased, her happy spirit was dismissed from her suffering body ; and, as she had said she would, she entered into the rest which remains for the people of God ; and, according to her own desire, she was laid from her

mother's arms in the arms of Jesus. Go, gentle spirit, to the bosom of thy Saviour, who redeemed thee with the most precious price of his blood ; to him who loved you, and washed you from every spot and stain of corruption ; to thy heavenly Father, who drew thee to himself, who early tried thee in the furnace of affliction, and brought you forth as gold ; to that eternal Spirit who sanctified you, adorned you with so many graces, and made you meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Glory to the eternal Three in One, [who saved, sanctified, justified, and has finally glorified my sainted child ! Blessed be his name, that I have now treasured up in glory the dearest objects of my affection ! True, my heart desired their continuance here a little longer ; but who shall stay His hand, or say to *Him*, " What doest thou ? " " Shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right ? " Can I not sing of mercy as well as of judgment ? Did he not draw nigh unto my soul in the day of my trouble, and with that voice which calmed the winds and waves, say, " Peace, be still," to my afflicted heart. Did I not hear him say, " Am I not still *thy* redeeming God ? am I not also the God of thy seed ? " " And now, Lord, what wait

I for? Truly I wait for thy salvation, O Lord,
and in thy word do I trust.

My beloved child exchanged time for eternity,
September 24, 1817, aged thirteen years and
seven months.

“ 'Twas love ordain'd so short a date,
So light a load of penal pain ;
Hence the lovely blooming maid
So early burst her fleshly chain ;
And, meekly yielding up her breath,
Retir'd into the shades of death.
But we, by faith's illumin'd eye,
Beyond the cloud of death, behold
A Sun in that eternal sky,
That gilds and turns that cloud to gold ;
And, in that golden light, I see
A child that owed her birth to me.”

The child of whom I am bereav'd,
Whom feeble flesh does still deplore,
My heav'nly Father hath receiv'd,
And kindly bids me weep no more.

The papers to which my beloved child alluded
were indeed a precious legacy to me, and a sweet
testimony of the grace of God largely bestowed
upon her ; her prayers and meditations shew so

evidently the sweet frame of her mind; her views of sin, and of the atonement which is in Christ Jesus; I would here insert them, not with a view, I trust, to exalt my child, who has now obtained the honour which cometh from God, but to shew forth the power and excellency of the religion of Jesus; its efficacy on the mind of this dear child, enabling her to triumph over the fear of death, to meet the king of terrors as the messenger of peace, to give up every earthly tie, the flattering hopes of youth, the mother to whose heart she clung, her dear brothers and sisters, to whom she was so affectionately attached, and to rejoice in that prospect, so appalling to the sinner, of going to God's throne. By faith she triumphed, by faith she endured, as seeing Him who is invisible, and through grace she obtained the victory.

“The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall attain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.”

FIRST MEDITATION.

“ And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee ; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me. Behold, God is my salvation ; I will trust, and not be afraid ; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song ; he is also become my salvation.”—Isaiah xii. 1, 2.

“ Thou hast taken away all thy wrath ; thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger. Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger towards us to cease ; surely thy salvation is nigh them that fear thee. Behold, God is my salvation ; I will trust, and not be afraid. God is the Saviour of all that believe in him ; they need not fear, for in the Lord Jehovah is their strength ; he is their strong tower, where they may run for safety ; they need not fear what men can do unto them. God will be their rock, fortress, and deliverer. He will be their rock ; in him they may trust ; he will be their shield, the horn of their salvation, their high tower, their refuge, their Saviour ; of whom then need they be afraid ? They need fear no evil ; his rod and his staff they will comfort them : they

shall joy in the God of their salvation. I will say continually, the Lord be praised. Unto the Lord will we give thanks, for he hath saved us from going down to the pit ; for he hath found a ransom, even his Son, the Lamb that was slain from before the foundation of the world. He is all my salvation, and all my desire."

" April 1817.

" And he answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, Take away the filthy garments from him ; and unto him he said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquities to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment."—Zechariah iii. 4.

" Oh, my God, take away my filthy garments, and clothe me in a garment of righteousness, a garment made white in the blood of the Lamb. Oh ! what a happy thing to have my iniquity to pass from me, and to be clothed with change of raiment. O Lord, cause mine iniquity to pass from me ; purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean. When thou hast tried me I shall come forth as gold : wash me thoroughly from my sins,

“ And grant that my dear mamma may be able to say at the last day, Here am I, Lord, and the children which thou hast given me : “ Here are the children which thou hast given me, and not one of them is lost.” May we all be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb that was slain from before the foundation of the world. May we all be saved, not having our own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is by the faith of Christ.—Also, may thy word cover the earth as the waters do the sea-shore ; may thy name be preached unto all people under the sun ; and may the knowledge of the Lord cover the earth as the waters do the sea ! May many be turned to righteousness ! Hear and answer my unworthy prayers, O Lord, I beseech thee ; may I be the Lord’s for ever. Amen. Oh, Lord, I most heartily thank thee for the privileges thou grantedst me yesterday, (of which I have been deprived for so long a time,) of going to church ; grant, I pray thee, that I may continue to do so, till I am on my death-bed, and may what I hear sink deep into my heart !”

" Monday, April 7, 1817.

" Jesus saw Nathaniel coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."—John i. 47.

" Oh, how blessed and happy must the man have been of whom Christ said that ! Oh, that it could be said of me that I had no guile ; but, alas ! I am a guilty sinful creature, that must be everlastingly lost, were it not for my ever blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, who died, the just for the unjust, to bring sinners unto God ; and if I believe in him, though I were dead, yet shall I live. O Lord God, give me thy Holy Spirit, and make me to see my vileness and guilt, that I may be more desirous of fleeing to Christ for refuge ; to lay hold of him as all my salvation, and all my desire, that I may see my great need of him to take away my guilt : wash me white in the blood of the Lamb that was slain before the foundation of the world ; grant that his blood may wash me clean ; oh, grant that I may fly to thee for mercy and salvation ; sinful as I am, that fountain can wash me clean, it can wash my guilt away. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean ; wash me, and I shall be whiter

than snow : renew me into repentance, wash me thoroughly from my sins, and purge me from my iniquities. Oh, may I be washed in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness ; may all my guilt be taken away, then I shall be without guile.

“ There is a fountain fill’d with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins ;
And sinners, plung’d beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.”

“ Oh that I, a guilty sinner, may lose all my guilty stains, by being plunged in that fountain. Amen.”

“ They that worship God, must worship him in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him.”—John iv. 23, 24.

“ Do I worship God aright? Do I indeed worship him in spirit and in truth? Do I pray from my heart? Do I only pray for things that I may consume them upon my lusts? Have I ever knelt down, and only mocked God by so doing? If I have, God, who is full of compassion and mercy, forgive me, blot out all mine

iniquities ; my God, save me for thy dear Son's sake ; pardon all my sins, and cast my iniquities behind thy back ; my sins and mine iniquities remember no more ; turn me, good Lord, and so shall I be turned ; give me a new heart, and renew a right spirit within me, and grant, from this time out, I may worship thee in spirit and in truth. Amen."

" And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless."—John i. 6.

" Oh, that it could be recorded of me, that I walked in all the commandments of the Lord blameless. O Lord, grant that I may walk in the right way ; that I may go in the straight and narrow way that leadeth unto life ; that I may be among the few that find it ; and grant that not one of this family may go the broad and crooked way that leadeth to destruction. Oh that it may be said of every one of this family, that they walked before the Lord blameless. Thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all thy paths are peace. May I delight myself in thy ways of peace and pleasantness ;—may I walk for ever

with the Lord, and delight myself in his ways.
I do indeed wish to walk with God, to have a
closer walk with God, a calm and heavenly frame.
May God Almighty hear my unworthy petitions,
and answer them, for his own dear Son's sake.
Amen."

April 9, 1817.

Here rests Sophia ! in whose youthful mind
Were sense, and truth, and innocence combin'd ;
From all hypocrisy and falsehood free,
She was in heart what she appear'd to be ;
When kind, affectionate, in outward show,
She felt her heart with real fondness glow.
No false appearances, but love unfeign'd,
Within her breast a gentle empire gain'd ;
To God's blest will submissive and resign'd,
To all sincere and tender, good and kind.
Religion, in whose paths her life was led,
And in whose precepts she was wont to tread,
A tenfold lustre on her virtues shed.
Go, gentle spirit ! in that place appear,
Which God prepares for those who love him here ;
Where sin and Satan can no more molest ;
Go, and enjoy thine everlasting rest.

SHORT ACCOUNT

OF

MASTER WALTER HENRY H.

SOPHIA H——'S FIFTH BROTHER,

Who died Saturday the 20th of May, 1820, aged 11 Years.

Written by his Mother.

“ALL flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.” “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.” “I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.” “And the Lord God prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief; so Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd. But God prepared a worm, when the morning rose the next day; and it smote the gourd, that it withered. When the east wind and the sun beat upon the head of Jonah, he fainted.” Lord, remember thy gracious promise, “to stay the rough

wind in the day of the east wind." Thy own gracious hand gave the pleasant gourds, thine unerring wisdom prepared also the worm to smite them, lest thy servant should sit under the shadow thereof, and say, "It is good for me to be here." And now, Lord, that so many gourds are withered, and the east wind beats upon my head, and I thy servant am weak and ready to faint, "be thou to me as the apple tree among the trees of the wood; let me sit under thy shadow with great delight, and let thy fruit be sweet to my taste; let thy left hand be under my head, and thy right hand embrace me; bring me into thy banquetting-house, and let thy banner over me be love." Then can my soul say, "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out; let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruit."

My dear Walter had for several years evinced a love of divine things; he was early acquainted with the Scriptures, and, I trust, with young Timothy, "possessed unfeigned faith." He had an understanding mind above his years, and made a rapid progress in every thing he learned.

The gentleman who instructed him, and to whom

my dear child was greatly indebted, and much attached, speaks of him now with the greatest affection and regret, as a child of most promising abilities, quickness of apprehension, and diligence in his studies. But what are all these things, which perish in the grave? Could my Walter now speak from the tomb, would he not testify, that, in the hour when, by the hand of death, his spirit was emancipated from its earthly tabernacle, he saw vanity inscribed upon all that man estimates, and the knowledge of God in Christ alone valuable? From a desire that my dear child should make a progress in his studies, how often was I led to suffer his delicate frame to be exposed to cold and trying weather! How painfully do I now recal those days! they cause me bitter regret and self-reproach, while at the same time I am assured that God appointeth and numbereth our days, and has fixed a bound which we cannot pass.

From the commencement of my child's illness in February, he was patient, mild, and affectionate, and seemed to have an increasing love to the word of God, as long as he was able daily reading it himself, and when so weak he could no longer read, always asking his sister to read to


him, after she had put him to bed. When I have asked him what part of the Bible I should read to him, his choice was generally the latter part of St. John's Gospel, and always the 103d Psalm, which he called his favourite Psalm. He repeated some verses of it every night, after he was settled in bed, and that with so much fervour of devotional feeling, as was quite affecting to those who heard him. I had both in prayer and conversation endeavoured to lead his mind to the consideration of death, but could not bring myself to speak plainly, or tell my child the danger I apprehended: being fully persuaded the Lord himself had taught him the way of salvation, I left it with him, if expedient, to reveal this also to him.

Friday the 19th, which was the first day he was unable to get up, he conversed much with me upon the Scriptures. Our dear minister, Mr. B., prayed with him and for him frequently; also his dear and esteemed friend and master, Mr. S. In our conversation he was led to speak of Peter denying his Lord and Master; he observed how bold he was at one time, and yet how fearful, going through every circumstance of St. Peter's life; his walking on the sea, and then his

faith failing, crying out, *I perish*; his refusing to suffer the Lord to wash his feet, and then, when convinced that only Jesus could cleanse him, crying out, *Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head*. He then observed how our Lord, to prove the sincerity of his love, after his resurrection, asked him three times, *Lovest thou me?* and spoke of our Lord's gracious command to Peter, *Feed my sheep—Feed my lambs*. My child's conversation was thus holy and heavenly as I sat by his dying bed; so that while I beheld nature sinking, I saw grace triumphing; and as flesh and heart failed, I was given the comfort of knowing that Jesus was the strength of his heart, and I was assured would be his portion for ever. He asked me to give him "*his dear little Testament*." On giving it to him, I said, "My child, what truth has this book taught you?" He replied, "To know Jesus, who is the way, the truth, and the life." He frequently asked me to pray and repeat hymns. On giving him a glass of water, which he had asked for, I said, "Who, my dear child, can give you the water of life?" He answered, "Jesus Christ;" and then, as if to confirm what

eth him. Oh ! most painful recollection, let me rather contemplate his redeemed soul, washed in the blood of the Lamb, arrayed in a white robe, covered with glory, a palm in his hand, an emblem of the victory obtained by Him who trod the wine-press alone, the great Captain of our salvation, before whom he casts the crown, saying, *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, for he has redeemed us to God, and made us kings and priests, and we shall reign with him for ever and ever.*

While, then, my eye turns to things seen, which are temporal, I mourn ; but when, with the eye of faith, I can get a glimpse of unseen things, which are eternal, I rejoice. I rejoice that my child has finished his course, kept the faith, and is entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God. In this way the Lord has answered my prayer ; I asked for my children that life which Jesus died to purchase, and lives to bestow. The Lord has granted it to three of my dear children—shall I quarrel with the manner or the time he saw fit to fulfil my request ? I wanted to see them in the church in the wilderness—God has removed them to the church in glory. Farewell, my much loved Walter, till we



meet to part no more. I shall then behold you in new and resplendent beauty—no longer exposed to temptation and sin—no longer the subject of disease and suffering, but arrayed in the garments of salvation, and crowned with glory, honour and immortality.—His body was laid in the same vault that incloses his loved sister Frances Sophia H. in St. Peter's Church, Dublin.

There brothers and sisters arrang'd side by side,
And none have saluted, and none have replied.

Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. The grave shall deliver up the sacred deposit; God shall gather his redeemed from the east and from the west: he will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Hold not back. The hallowed dust shall be collected, not a particle be lost; and He who at first created will re-create the scattered parts into a perfect whole. *Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved bre-*

thren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

I found written in Walter's pocket-book, dated October 3, 1819—

“ For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth ; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.” Job xix. 25, 26.

“ And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.”

In vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround a saint,
When yielding up his breath.

One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;
We scarce can say, ‘ He’s gone ;’
Before the willing spirit takes
Her station near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace her in her flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

This much, and this is all we know,
They are completely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

While they have gain'd, we losers are ;
We miss them day by day ;
But thou canst every breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.

BRIEF ACCOUNT
OF THE
DEATH OF MASTER EDWARD MICHAEL H——N,
AGED NINE YEARS.



THE following very interesting sketch of this most promising and divinely-instructed child was transmitted, most kindly, in a letter to the Editor, by his father, Rev. J. H——n, Rector of W——y, Leicestershire ; and is added as a most satisfactory instance of the power of His grace, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings has perfected praise.

“ I shall now proceed to furnish you with the particulars which my dear partner has given me (as her recollection is better than mine) of the closing scene of our beloved child’s life. I should premise, that God had given him a most amiable natural disposition. He was always affectionate and obedient ; and, I doubt not, had from a very early age received the grace of the Holy Spirit. He was born in Dublin, December 1, 1805, and

died in Coleshill, Warwickshire, May 10, 1815. The complaint which ended in his death was a cold caught at school. I shall copy the brief narrative in Mrs. H.'s own words.

“ I never asked my dear Edward any question relative to spiritual things, lest he should be led to say what he did not feel to please me; but during the whole of his illness he was patient and very submissive. Every thing which was done for him he received with much thankfulness. About a week or ten days before his death, he lay on the bed in a very exhausted state, while I lay by his side; I thought he had been asleep, when he said, “ Mamma, I am very happy.” On my asking him what made him happy, he answered with much feeling of holy joy, “ Oh, Mamma! the Lord has shewn me that I am his; Christ has washed me in his blood.” Shortly after he said, “ I wish you were coming with me;” I said, I hope that we shall soon meet again. He looked earnestly at me, and said, “ Yes, if you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.” In the course of that day he said, “ The boys at school used often ask me, whether I would rather go up the hill with a crust, or down the hill with a purse of money?” Never

having heard the expression before, I said, I did not know what it meant; when he replied, "Following Christ with poverty, or the devil with riches." I said, I trusted I should follow Christ with poverty; he said with emphasis, "So should I." A few days before his death, after lying silent for some time, he said, "I want to see Jesus;" "I want to be with Jesus." Whenever he was asked whether he wished to live, his answer was always, "If it be the Lord's will, I should rather die and be with him;" and seeing I felt a good deal, he said, "Mamma, do you wish me to live?" I answered, that if it were the Lord's will I should wish him to recover, for I loved him very much. He instantly replied, in the most impressive manner, "If I live I shall sin, but if I die I shall be free from sin." Three days before his death, the servant came up to say, that a lady had called, who wished to see Edward: on hearing her name he said, "Do not let her up." Shortly after another called: on hearing her name he said, "Let her up, for I know she loves the Lord Jesus."

"My dear partner concludes, "This is the chief of what our dear Edward Michael said, and

I think in his own words." But I remember that he had a deep feeling of his own sinfulness and unworthiness, joined with a steadfast reliance on his blessed Saviour. Thus one day as his dear mother kissed him, he said, "Ah! mother, how can you kiss those naughty lips—they have told many lies."

MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS S—D—D.




THE subject of this little Memoir was born August 6th, 1802.—At a very early period he discovered marks of an amiable temper and disposition; and to this was added, from the first opening of his reasoning powers to the last days of his existence here upon earth, a decided and growing attachment to the ways of wisdom; and we saw in him that fear of the Lord, which is an evidence of its beginning.—Being of a thoughtful turn of mind, he generally preferred reading to the various pursuits and amusements of childhood; and those books which were of a religious tendency had his marked preference. He was uniformly affectionate and dutiful to his parents and relatives; and if sometimes guilty of a fault, he always expressed his concern, and was not happy till he had obtained forgiveness, and re-

gained the love of those whose displeasure he had incurred. He was particularly fond of the Lord's-day, loved to attend his parents to the house of God, usually remembered the text, and some part of the sermon he had been hearing, and the hymns that had been sung. He was much interested in the Sunday school, and would often remark, "what a good thing it was for poor children to learn to read their Bible." He treasured up many of Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, and Mr. Rowland Hill's Sunday School Collection, in his memory, and was well acquainted with the most remarkable facts in Scripture history. The account of Joseph, Samuel, David, and of the Shunamite's son, he could repeat by heart. As this peculiar turn of mind, in a child of six or seven years of age, cannot be supposed to be the result of much reflection, or of a superior judgment and understanding, we considered it as a proof that his heart was affected, and that his affections were drawn to heavenly things; and from thence concluded, that our Lord had chosen him for his own, and had taken this young disciple under his peculiar guidance and care, to train him up for a very early enjoyment of love and favour in

heaven, the earnest of which he possessed while on earth.

Such being the disposition this dear boy manifested, he could not but be beloved, and we were looking forward, with pleasing hope, to the time when those dispositions should be matured, and strengthened in riper age. But He, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, was about to remove him to a higher and more exalted state of existence, and to transplant this lovely bud into a better soil, where it will blossom in full perfection for ever and ever.

In the spring of the year 1807, he had the measles, and though he recovered from that disorder, yet there was a secret worm preying on the root of this lovely gourd, which made him pass the remainder of this summer in a languishing state of health. By constant care and attention he got through the winter, and we looked forward to the ensuing spring as a season that would restore our beloved child to his former state of health and strength. He paid a visit to his kind uncle and aunt at Bedford, where he received every advantage arising from air and exercise; but it pleased the Lord at this time to lay his hand upon him, and



a large abscess was formed in the small of his back, which occasioned his immediate return home. He greatly acknowledged the kindness he had received during his absence from us, and it being thought proper to have the abscess opened, he cheerfully submitted to the operation. This confined him many weeks to the house. While thus a prisoner, he spent most of his time in reading and looking over his books, with which our kind friends had plentifully supplied him, endeavouring to make his situation as comfortable as possible. He never expressed any impatience or regret, but willingly submitted to whatever was thought proper for his health and circumstances. His books were always near him ; among these his Bible never was forgotten—in this he read daily, and asked his friends to explain to him those passages which he could not immediately understand. He was particularly struck with that part in his favourite chapter, the 4th of 2d Kings—"Is it well with the child? and she said, it is well:" and we cannot but believe that he entered into the spiritual meaning of it, applying it to his own case, that though his health and condition was

distressing, yet it was well ; exercising submission to the will of his Saviour respecting him. He was deeply convinced of the importance of prayer, and when, through weakness, he was unable to engage in this duty himself, he begged others to pray for him. One night, after having been in bed for some time, he called to his aunt, who slept in the same room with him, and asked her to pray for him then, as she had not done it before she lay down.

Toward the close of the last year, 1809, he appeared better than he had done for many months past—our hopes were again revived. I said to him one day, “ My dear boy will now, I hope, get quite well—but, from the complaint in your back, there is some prospect of your being crooked, and people in general do not take much notice of deformed children.”—“ Well,” replied my dear Tom, “ if I am but good, mother, it will not matter how I look :” giving proof of how much greater value he thought mental worth than exterior form.

Early in the spring of this year, 1810, all the unfavourable symptoms which we had flattered ourselves had disappeared, not to return again,

revived; and in March he took to his room, which he never again left till carried down in his coffin. His spine being diseased he soon became hectic; his disorder had reached his lungs, and fever was destroying that lovely form, which we once had contemplated with so much pleasure and delight. We were now placed at the post of observation, which became darker every day: our hopes were gone, and we had only to pray, that our Lord would grant this patient sufferer a mitigation of bodily pain. His books again became his companions, and as soon as he was settled in his bed in the morning, and placed in a comfortable posture, he requested to have them all brought and placed on his bed; those which he principally preferred were his Bible, (which he frequently said he should like to die with in his hand,) Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, Mr. Rowland Hill's Sunday School Collection, Janeway's Token for Children, the History of Susan Gray, and the Pilgrim's Progress. On the return of Sabbath-days, when I have said to him, "My dear love, father, Betsy, and James are gone to chapel, while you and I are detained—but we can worship God in this sick room, and the Saviour has promised to be with

us; what shall I read to you?" He directly replied, "Begin with that hymn, mother, "How sweet and awful is the place, with Christ within the doors;" signifying that if Christ was with us it was all we could want.

On the evening of Good Friday we were alone, and after a very severe fit of coughing, he said to me, with much earnestness, "My dear mother pray for me, do pray for me; I shall not be here long." I asked him what I should pray for; he said, "That the Lord may soon take me to himself." I reminded him of the sufferings of his Saviour, "Yes," said my dear boy, "He did suffer—read that chapter where he said, 'not my will but thine be done.'" I asked him if he could say the same, to which he replied, in his usual modest manner, "I hope I can."

During the twelve weeks in which he was wholly confined to his bed, this dear child never uttered an impatient word, or expressed a wish that his situation should be otherwise than it exactly was; he would hear our friends, who came to see him, express their surprise that he should last so long, and when I have asked him what made him so willing to die, he would reply, "If I lived to grow up perhaps I might

be wicked; this is a very sinful world, mother, and it is better to go early to heaven.”—“And why, my dear love, do you think you shall go to heaven?”—“Because I love the Saviour, and I hope he loves me.” I asked him if I should read for him? “Yes,” he said, “read my favourite chapter, ‘*Is it well with the child?*’” After which he desired me to read 23d Hymn in the 2d book, “Descend from heaven immortal dove.”—“Now read 110 in the 1st book, ‘There is a house not made with hands.’” I said I was afraid he would be fatigued; he begged me to read one more, 113 in the 1st book, “How large the promise, how divine.” These he had folded down in his hymn-book, as also the 13th in the 3d book, and the 92d Psalm, “Sweet is the work, my God, my King.” We were now approaching that period in which the prayer of the great Intercessor was about to be accomplished, “Father I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am.”

On Friday morning, 25th of May, he was seized with an acute spasmodic affection in his head—his sufferings now became extreme. Sitting by his side, with his dear head reclining on my bosom, I repeated softly to him—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

He said, "That is very sweet, read the whole of it." I often asked him if he thought the Lord was angry with him, by thus afflicting him? "No, my dear mother, I think it is all in love."

Tuesday morning, the 5th of June, he was taken with a convulsive fit, which lasted above four hours. Contrary to all expectation he revived, became perfectly sensible, and knew every one about him. In the afternoon I said to him, "My dearest love, you are going home, you are going to heaven, my dear Tom."—"I hope so," answered our dying child. "Do you recollect any of your favourite hymns, my love?" He directly replied, "How sweet and awful is the place."—"Is there not another?" I said. He looked at me, and said, "Sweet is the work, my God, my King." Still anxious to hear the sound of that voice, which had so often delighted my heart, there is one more you used to like. He lifted up his eyes and said, "There is a house not made with hands—Eternal:"—but

he could not proceed any further. I then offered him something to take which might loosen the phlegm, from which he suffered great difficulty in respiration: he said, "I would take it if it would do me any good, but it will not." Soon after he raised his dear hand, and, looking upward, said, "I shall go above, I shall go above." This he repeated twice after. Towards ten o'clock his breathing became more difficult, and at about eleven o'clock an abundant entrance was administered to our dearly beloved child into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—Aged seven years and ten months.

"And Jesus said, suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them: they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.—For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Mary, my friend, I will not say,
O'er this sweet boy forbear to weep,
Nor turn from that lov'd spot away,
Where his dear relics safely sleep.

No, I would rather weep with thee,
That such a flower, in all its bloom,
In all its loveliness, should be
Consign'd so early to the tomb.

Yes, I would weep, that so much worth,
Just opening to a mother's eye,
Should leave so soon this sinful earth,
And your fond hopes untimely die.

Though I would not condemn your sighs,
Nor bid your tears forbear to flow,
Yet would I bid your thoughts arise
Above this world of sin and woe.

By faith's divine unclouded eye,
Look to the realms of love and joy ;
In that blest world, beyond the sky,
You may behold your lovely boy.

Far from the reach of mortal things,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow ;
With saints and angels there he sings
The sweetest songs he lov'd below.

Bending before th' eternal throne,
He sees his Saviour's glorious face,
And wrapt with joys on earth unknown,
Declares the wonders of his grace.

Transporting scene ! delightful view !
Oh ! Mary, lift your weeping eyes,
Your own sweet boy there waits for you,
And longs to meet you in the skies.

'Twas a rich treasure from above
That to your favour'd arms was given ;
You heard the voice of heavenly love,
“ Let this dear child be nurs'd for heaven.”

Be thankful for the precious trust
Committed to your care on earth ;
Oh ! yes, be thankful that you nurs'd
A spirit of celestial birth.

You taught his infant lips to pray,
You told him of a Saviour's love,
And pointed out the shining way,
That led to those bright realms above.

Then raise to heaven your grateful voice,
Join in his songs before the throne,
And tho' you weep, my friend—rejoice,
Your lovely child is still your own.

P. A. J—N.

Trowbridge, Jan. 14th, 1811.

His dear remains were deposited, on the bath morning following, in the house appointed for all living.—Underneath the inscription (name, date, and age, are the following words which he so much delighted in :—"Is it well the child? It is well."

LITTLE NANETTE.



September 16th, 1819.

FOR these some weeks past, I have felt a great wish to have in my possession a review of my dear little girl's short life; particularly as I think it would be acceptable to my beloved mother, who is now distant from us, to have an account of the last few months of the child, who tenderly loved her, and who shared the fond care and anxious affection for which my esteemed parent is so eminently remarkable. Although it may awaken many painful feelings in my heart, thus to follow her in her simple path, yet these feelings will ever, I trust, be mixed with grateful joy, whilst I endeavour to retrace the power and excellence of the religion of Jesus Christ, which he so mercifully condescended to reveal to her infant mind.

Where I now sit, I view the trees that wave over the spot where lies all that is mortal of my beloved child! there to remain till the last trum-

pet sounds, and the dead arise to judgment ; but though I no longer hear the sweet voice of Nanette, raised in her artless hymn to her Redeemer, and can no more behold the dear boy she so soon followed, yet can I not say, " good is the Lord,—shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right?"—" The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord," firmly believing that whatever Almighty God dispenses to those who serve him, is in supreme wisdom and love ; nor would I, if I could, withhold my beloved children when he claimeth them.

I remember it was my frequent and ardent petition to the throne of grace, that my child might serve and glorify God during her life. Oh ! what encouragement was it to the prayers of a mother, to hear her, before she could speak plain, take great apparent delight in telling me, when walking by my side, that " it was God made those pretty flowers and trees," pointing with her finger to those which most attracted her notice ; and has often drawn me to the window to watch the moon and stars, and told me, " the same good God made them !" When she was but three years old, how often have I seen the tear trem-

ble in her eye, and her little heart heave with emotion, whilst sitting on my knee I have endeavoured to explain to her the love of our blessed Lord for her, by suffering on the cross, "the just for the unjust;" she used to say, "I will love that good Jesus, and try to serve him!" From the earliest moment that her mind was capable of taking impressions, she seemed to be endowed with a peculiar facility and pleasure in receiving religious instruction, and soon learned to repeat several things of that nature, from merely hearing her brother say them. Between three and four years of age, she could explain each print in Mrs. Trimmer's Scripture History: her favourites were, from the first, the babe lying in the manger, and the crucifixion. She would, with unwearied attention, pause and lament over the latter, and wonder at redeeming love. I think about this time we took notice of her being first drawn to prayer. Frequently, in the midst of her play, she would suddenly leave off, and fall upon her knees, either within the house, or in the garden, as she happened to be at the time. At first she had but few words; but the same Spirit that influenced her to supplicate, soon taught her to pour out her whole

soul before the throne of mercy : whatever she was in want of, or if any thing grieved or afflicted her, she immediately flew to God for relief, and I recollect many instances where her prayers were wonderfully answered. Having always had a remarkable faith in prayer, she thought it was only to ask, and have, in Jesus' name.

Her greatest delight was, for her and me to be left quite alone, that we might talk uninterruptedly on religion, the subject which was ever to her the most pleasing. She used to say, " come now, mamma, we shall be *so* happy, and talk of God : " at such times she has astonished me by her ideas, and anxious inquiries on things that I considered quite beyond her comprehension.

Her slender, graceful form, and interesting features, plainly spoke the premature refinement of feeling and keen sensibility possessed by our little darling. She was particularly alive to kindness and affection, although these dispositions were often hid by her excessive timidity ; but when acted upon by grace, shone forth in lively gratitude to that Being, whose providential care and love over all his works excited her continual wonder and praise, and dictated her

oft-repeated exclamation, "Oh! how good the Lord is!" She seemed to view his hand in the most minute circumstance.

As it may be supposed, these qualities made her peculiarly endearing to her parents, and her attachment to them was early marked by strong lines in her character. She gained the appellation of NANETTE, by way of endearment, from a circumstance that occurred, by which she almost lost that of ANNIE, which she had received at baptism. It was in general her custom, when the time of her father's return from town approached, to arrange many things for him, and I have known her endeavour to count the hours of his absence, when she had something to shew either to please or surprise him: and if he happened to stay beyond her bed time, she sometimes left him a letter, written in imitation of printing, on the slate or paper. Whenever I left home, though but for a short time, it was most painful to her; and seldom could she restrain her tears, but never omitted saying with her parting embrace, "good bye, mamma, God bless you, and take care of you, and bring you safe home." I generally found her watching for me at the gate, sometimes seated in her little

chair, all kind of play becoming insipid to her when the hour drew near at which I said I expected to return.—And she has frequently told me, that while I was away she prayed to God to protect me, and bring me home *soon*.

When she wanted some months of four years old, I had a long and dangerous illness, and it was thought necessary to remove the children from home; but in pity to her feelings she was allowed occasionally to spend a few minutes with me on the bed, where she would sit covering my hand with kisses, and pressing it to her heart, but when she thought she had staid long enough without fatiguing me, she has said, “I had better go now, mamma, for I am afraid of tiring you,” though parting cost her many tears. While absent she had two pictures that particularly took up her attention:—one was a little girl weeping over her mother’s grave, and the other was also a weeping girl, by the bed side of her sick mamma, with these lines underneath;

“ Miss Jane’s mamma was very ill,
And felt such pain, she could not sleep;
But Jane could quietly sit still,
Or sometimes through the curtains peep.

“ And often as she left the bed,
The tear of sweet affection fell,
As going from the room, she said,
I wish my dear mamma was well !”

The first time she saw this print, she was sitting on her father's knee, looking over with him a child's book, called the Cowslip. Upon his reading the verses, she was greatly affected, and hiding her face in his bosom, said, with the greatest artlessness, “ *I cannot help crying the tear of sweet affection, when I think of my mamma ;*” nor could she for a long time look at those prints without tears, so that they were obliged to avoid letting her see them.

She had naturally a great flow of spirits, and joined her brother at times in all his sports, with a degree of courage and energy that was surprising.—Alas ! we cannot forget the cherry-tree in the grass plot opposite the window, in which she so often got her father to place her, and there sit perched amongst the branches, till weary of her situation, she would spring down from a height that would quite alarm me. She always had an uncommon admiration for flowers and plants ; it was one of her greatest pleasures

to be allowed to go out with her basket and scissars into the garden, to gather a nosegay for her father or me, and then would sit down with the greatest patience to dress them prettily in a glass of water. Lovely emblems of this tender blossom of paradise! no sooner cherished and admired, than called to return to its native clay!

Her feelings for the poor and distressed gave her many a pang. In cold or rainy weather, she could scarce enjoy her own comforts, from the idea, that she feared there were many unsheltered and hungry. She could not bear to let any poor creature go away from the door without getting something for them; and formed many plans for their relief. I have known her to bring all her clothes indiscriminately, and entreat me to give them to some child she was anxious to clothe. It would make this account too long, were I to note down the many amiable traits of our little darling; her many interesting and prepossessing qualities served, no doubt, to strengthen those ties of affection, that death was to burst asunder: but, however, they made the sacrifice to our heavenly Father the greater. Oh! thou most gracious Being, hast not thou, in *infinite perfection*, all that is amiable, who wert pleased to

adorn this thy beloved gift? and if so attractive in sinful dust, Oh! how adorable in thee! With what humble admiration should we contemplate what our contracted powers are capable of receiving of thy supreme beauty and glory? And dost thou permit man, nay, invite him, to call thee Father, Friend, through the intercession of thy beloved Son? Astonishing condescension and love! Should we then shrink from rendering back any of our most prized gifts, or say, "what doest thou?"

Our darling girl was born with a delicate constitution, requiring the frequent advice of our kind and valuable medical friend Dr. T.: I must not here omit remarking the heartfelt gratitude of Nanette to him, for whom she solicited from time to time various spiritual and temporal blessings; while he and Mrs. T. were on a continental tour, this infant followed them with her prayers, imploring their preservation from every thing hurtful to body, or soul, &c. &c. And were her prayers not accepted? though thou wert a child of few days, yet thou wert assuredly owned by thy Lord, by the teaching of his Spirit, and by the faith and love so evidently bestowed on thee by Him!

The autumn before her death, she began to wish to retire to mid-day devotion, as well as her night and morning address. Here it was, I first observed her drawn out in fervent prayer : she had begun to evince a great desire after holiness, and endeavoured, in the strength of Jesus, to overcome every thing in herself, that she felt contrary to what she knew to be right.

Her understanding opened far beyond others of her age ; her comfort and delight were the Scriptures, and there seemed to be a degree of light thrown on the page for her, that was truly surprising. If we wished to please or soothe her, we had only to take up the Bible, and she was all attention. From three years old it was her constant request to have a psalm read, or a hymn sung for her after she was put to bed ; and she very soon pointed out the 115th Psalm as the one she liked most to hear.

In November 1818, the delicacy of her constitution increased, and in the January following she had the measles with the other children, which she got through pretty well ; but, alas ! the effects remained behind ; I had always dreaded this complaint for her, and my fears were now verified by a cough and augmented debility.

We now saw that little form which was as "the desire of our eyes" emaciated, spiritless, with her chest sunk, accompanied with that extreme languor which for ever effaces the elasticity and ease of motion, that bespeak gracefulness of person or joyous health. But about April it pleased the Lord, in some degree, to re-establish her health, and she was beginning to look something like herself, and joined the children in some of their amusements, when our hopes were again dashed to the ground, by the hooping-cough getting into the family, which she soon after took, and of course it rendered her much worse than she ever had been. I now saw my child's prayers and wishes about to be granted; as she had long wished to be with God. Oh! how did we carry her in our arms from place to place, and invent every thing within our power for her comfort and pleasure! but as her body was bowed down with sickness, so her soul seemed invigorated more and more by increasing grace. She saw her sufferings from the hand of God, and that was sufficient to satisfy her, all was as it should be. She often said to me, if I happened to say any thing respecting her health, "You know,

mamma, it is the will of God, and we can't help it, and must bear it as well as we can;" thus making me a sharer in her sufferings, as well she might! Never did I hear a murmur or repining word escape her lips. She had a strong aversion to medicine, but it had long been her custom when obliged to take it, to put her hands before her eyes and pray for resolution to drink it, and a blessing on its effects, and this she never omitted, to the last drop she ever took. Her nerves became extremely affected: many were her struggles against irritability. It was indeed deplorable to see the state of excessive sensibility and timidity she was reduced to. I have frequently known her to be obliged to pray to be enabled to answer when she was spoken to. I was now the only person that she had not a kind of fear of, or to whom she had courage to express her thoughts, except her father occasionally. This might, to some, have had the appearance of sullenness, but I perfectly understood her inward feelings. However, she liked much to be in the society of any one that she thought loved God; and great was her disappointment, if they did not speak on sacred subjects, and she would inquire of me the

reason why they did not. Alas! professors are not sufficiently "known by their speech, to have been with Jesus."

I remember one night that we had been talking together of the Blessed Saviour, and of his sufficiency to atone for all our sins, her soul appeared so full of the love of God, that it seemed almost too much for her weak body. Amongst many other things she said, "Mamma, I feel as if Jesus Christ was taking sin out of my heart, and that I loved him so!"

She was particularly fond of having hymns sung for her, or of singing them herself whilst able, which she did in a peculiar sweet tone of voice, and frequently gave vent to her full heart in words of her own. She had been extremely ill one day, and could find no relief but in prayer, hymns, or the Scriptures, endeavouring to be as still as possible while we were thus employed for her, and from which she took real comfort. When she was settled in bed for the night, we tried to prevail on her to pray lying down, but she entreated to be allowed to get on her knees, and with much difficulty placed herself in that posture. Can we ever forget the patience, the submission to God's will, and the unrepining

meekness she shewed that day? The next morning, whilst I was dressing, to my astonishment I found she had sat up in the bed without help, and began singing, with an unusual strong voice, her favourite song of praise, adding, as was her custom, words of her own. I ran for a pen and ink, the curtain between us being closed, and committed her words to writing, as she sung, but lost many of them, not being able to keep pace with her. The following, however, I heard her literally utter :—

“ Praise and honour

“ Be unto the Lamb for ever,

“ Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,

“ Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.”

“ Serve the Lord all ye people ; serve the Lord ; serve your Lord ; praise him for the Saviour ; you who would have gone to hell if he had not died for you upon the cross. Oh Jesus ! Oh Jesus ! Oh, come for me ! come and take me, (several times over with much fervour and solemnity,) Oh Jesus ! my Lord, let me to thy bosom fly, and to your angels ; it would be the happiest place I could be in, to praise the Lord for ever, to be near God, and with our Saviour ; we will be in our Jesus’s bosom, and we shall

praise God who died upon such a cross! Oh God! Oh God! Oh my Saviour! come and take me to thy dwelling, come and take me to my Saviour of such love! Oh thou! who can save every one from sin who cleaves to thee, and save from all wickedness.—Oh thou Holy God!’

She often said to me, “ Oh how I long to see God! Oh if I could see Jesus Christ! for I feel to love him very much, the way I love you, mamma: do you think he will let me lay my head on his bosom, the way I sit with you?” and she repeatedly wished to die that she might be with him. At first when she began to entertain such thoughts, she used to think that heaven must be such a happy place that the time would appear very short till we would join her there, if she could get there immediately. Once her father said to her, “ should you like to leave mamma and me to go?” She said, “ Yes,” and burst into a flood of tears. It did not, however, alter her wishes in the least.

I happened to meet with Pope’s beautiful hymn of the dying Christian to his soul, beginning,

“ Vital spark of heavenly flame,”

and purchased it for her.—It was printed on

a card, and over the music was a drawing of a female on her death bed, and angels hovering over the body, receiving her spirit, in form like themselves. She was particularly pleased with it, and would muse over it with composure and pleasure, and begged to have it sung for her, and tried to do so herself.—She began to dislike to hear any but spiritual songs, and one day she desired the person who carried her out of doors, to bring her in to me: and when she came in, she whispered me to bid her not to sing such silly songs when she took her out, as she disliked them very much. She then returned to her walk quite contented, upon my giving this injunction. Among her chief favourite hymns, were, “My God the spring of all my joys,” and “Jesu, lover of my soul.”—Her remarks at different times on the former, were as follows:—

1st. My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

Upon asking the meaning of this verse, she said, “yes, mamma, God is the spring of all my joys and delights.” At another time, she said, “He is indeed the comfort of our nights;”

though at the time she slept but little, from her cough, and was obliged sometimes to sit up from it every ten minutes.

3d. The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss ;
When Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And tell me I am his.

" I wish Jesus would tell me *I* was his." My love, said I, while you feel your heart loving him, he is telling you he loves you.—After a pause, she said, " Oh ! now I understand it, now I feel it."—

4th. My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord !

" How glad *I* should be to run up 'a shining beam to praise God.'—

5th. Fearless of hell, or ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
'The wings of love, and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

" That is what I would do, mamma," and she seemed to drink in the very spirit of the words.

The following, out of Miss Taylor's Collection for Children, gave her uncommon delight:—

1. When little Samuel awoke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke,
How much he did rejoice.
Oh! happy, blessed child to find
The God of Heaven so near and kind.
2. If God would speak to me,
And say, he was my Friend,
How happy I should be,
Oh! how I would attend.
The smallest sin I then would fear,
If God Almighty was so near.
3. And does he never speak?
Oh! yes; for in his word
He bids me come and seek,
The God that Samuel heard.
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.
4. And I beneath his care,
May safely rest my head,
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed.
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

5. Like Samuel, let me say,
 Whene'er I read his word,
 " Speak Lord, I would obey,
 The voice that *I* have heard.
 " And when I in thy house appear,
 " Speak, Lord, thy servant waits to hear."

I have heard her repeat some of these verses and others in a kind of half whisper over and over again, while at her play or work; for she could sew with her needle very neatly, and had a remarkable perseverance in any thing she undertook. To assist me in the smallest matter delighted her little heart; she has frequently sat with me, employing herself in something which she thought useful, for some hours, without wishing to stir.

She had a peculiar pleasure in calling God her Father. I have seen her, quite unconscious I was observing her, sing repeatedly with fervent devotion, leaning against the back of her chair, her eyes being directed to heaven, O Lord! my God! my Father! The beautiful hymn on that subject, from the same author last mentioned, was often repeated by her:

Great God! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend;
I, a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of air, and earth and sky, &c.

She now became too weak to kneel alone, but supported on my lap, she would throw her arms around my neck, and lean her head on my shoulder, and thus three times a day would pour out her soul before that Being "whose ears are ever open to the righteous." She used to begin in a low voice, but in the ardour of her address would speak loud enough for me to catch a few sentences; some of her prayers, which I overheard, were pleading for the heathen to be turned from worshipping "blocks of wood and stone;" for her brother to be kept from sin at school, for a blessing on the school and superintendant, and a variety of things which herself and family stood in need of, or had to rejoice at. I once heard her praise God for taking a little child to himself, whose death she heard of, though she had never seen or known it. I one day wrote down what I could hear of her prayers, which were thus:—O Lord, my God! Oh my Father! I am not good enough to call thee Father, yet thou wilt make me complete in Christ Jesus, and hast a crown for me;—Oh my God! thou hast crowns for every one, if we will try to gain them—Oh my God! bless my brothers, may they have crowns. Oh! that there may be preachers

amongst them !—Oh ! let there be a crown for my mother, and especially for my mother's mother, and my father's father and mother, and my mother's father especially. Oh my God ! thou art a long suffering God. Oh ! make me meek and holy, like the gentle Lamb in heaven, &c. &c. ; every two or three words being interrupted for want of breath, but uttered in the most supplicating tone of voice, and her hand raised or let fall as her feelings dictated.

It was our custom to sit at the door of a small green-house we had in the garden, that she might have the benefit of the air, and yet not be exposed to the spring winds. The remembrance of that spot, is filled with some of the sweetest, as well as some of the bitterest recollections to my heart ; there she spent also some of the happiest moments of her life. While supported in my arms, she surveyed the works of her great Creator, in all the surrounding objects : there she traced his almighty hand in every streak and tint that adorned each flower or shrub, in the variety of their perfume, in the use or beauty of the bee or butterfly that happened to light on the plants, as we watched them waving in the wind, which was to her " the breath of heaven ;" and took

pleasure in observing the clouds as they passed, imagining they resembled various forms, as her fancy suggested. When any met her eye that were unusually bright, or appeared as if lighted by the sun from within the clouds, she used to say, "Mamma, how pleasant to be there ! so near God, one one of those shining ones:" at these times Watts's lines were repeated with renewed pleasure ;

4. Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye !
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !
5. There's not a plant, or flower below,
But makes thy glories known !
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
6. Creatures as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
7. In heaven he shines, with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath ;
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

Two robins, in the month of May, chose for their nest a retreat behind one of the geranium

pots on the shelf, within the greenhouse, which proved a great source of amusement to her; when nothing else would induce her to go out with pleasure, to bring them their breakfast seldom failed to overcome her repugnance to move, which her increasing weakness produced, or to watch the parent birds, when the young ones were come out of the shell, flying backwards and forwards through a broken pane in the window with food. Her admiration and praise were continually called forth, by viewing the Lord's care and compassion over these birds, by teaching them to chuse proper food and where to find it. They grew so tame that the old bird would allow us to look at her sitting on the nest, and remain undisturbed while Nanette placed one of her play-plates, filled with crumbs and milk, close by her. The day the young ones were coming out, one of the family, not so well known by the robin, rather suddenly put his hand amongst the branches that hid them; the bird seemed to lose its natural fear, and only flew a short distance, waiting for the hand to be withdrawn, and then instantly returned to her charge. The mother never left them for the first week, but at the end of that time, with the most indus-

trious care, they bent down with their bills some large geranium leaves that grew against the wall, so as entirely to cover the nest from observation, and then they both joined in the busy task of supplying the young birds' increasing appetites. I went one morning rather early to bring tidings from them to Nanette, when I found the nest empty, and all our interesting little family flown; in two days after, we found one of the young ones killed by a cat, near its former safe abode, which was cause of much regret to us all. Her brother raised a tomb over the poor bird, and stuck it over with flowers. This tomb, somehow, gave me many foreboding pangs as I passed it, drawing dear Nanette as she lay reclining in her little coach. I could not help fearing, that ere long I should see her placed in another such repository. How little I thought, in the many happy moments I passed in our favourite seat, where I have so often experienced "communion sweet," and "the felt presence of the Deity,"—that I should there see our dear boy, as then supported on pillows, enjoying for the last time the fresh air, having been for two or three days previous very ill of the hooping cough also; or

that here, on the same day, our esteemed medical friend should pronounce that my beloved girl would probably doze out of existence in the manner she then was quietly sleeping, shaded from the sun, at the door, in her coach. I was enabled, through mercy, to receive the heart-rending blow, with acquiescence to the Divine will. In two days after, our little Pendock left this world for mansions of bliss; an inflammation on his chest was the consequence of that fatal cough, and after suffering with all the gentleness of disposition he was remarkable for, he expired on my knee in a strong convulsion, between seven and eight in the morning of the 9th of June, being one year and seven months old. I remember, as I stood over them the day before, as they both lay in a short sleep, I was contemplating with sorrow their afflictions and my probable bereavement of them.—This text was powerfully applied to my mind:—"These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It gave me fresh vigour to follow my path of duty, and leave them entirely to the disposal of heaven.

I cannot help mentioning the strong impres-

sion I had at Pendock's dying moment, that I was giving my sweet boy into the arms of my Saviour, as it were, to his future care.

It was very remarkable, that during this painful scene, Nanette lay two or three hours in sound sleep in the same room, though it was her usual hour of waking, nor had she been for some time back so long undisturbed by her cough; but this morning she never stirred, not even by the involuntary lamentations of those present, when he was departing. I cannot but look upon it as so ordered by the heavenly Shepherd, in tender compassion to this Lamb of his flock. If she had awoke sooner, it must have greatly agitated her, particularly as she had, from his birth, always looked upon this child as her own, calling herself his mamma, and was strongly attached to him. She amused herself often by laying down plans of teaching him for me, and making all his clothes, and had already tried to busy herself in these employments. I had the day before partly prepared her for the event; she seemed quite resigned to the will of God, if he should be taken, and said, "We shall all soon follow him." I had just time to prepare myself for her enquiries for him, when she awoke in a sweet calm state of

mind. In a short time after speaking to me, she looked around in search of him, and was very thoughtful, as if afraid to ask ; at last she said, " Mamma, Penny is not here?" " No, love." Then after a short time, she again said, " Penny is taking a long sleep!" " A *very long one* my love." " But, mamma, may be he is gone to heaven?" I then told her he was gone to our Saviour, there to wait for us to follow him. She heard this intelligence with composure, said but little, yet I saw by her, she thought and felt inwardly, but shed no tears. Her ideas of heaven were so exalted, and she looked upon the privilege of getting there, so great, she seemed to think it wrong to grieve at any *one* quitting this world to gain it. I persuaded her shortly after, to let me take her into the garden—while she was dressing, she asked to " see her child." To prepossess her with an idea as agreeable as I could of death, I told her he was like a little boy that had fallen asleep amongst flowers, and carried her to his bed, where he lay nearly covered with them, which they had strewed over him ; indeed he looked a lovely cherub ; his illness was so short, he was scarcely altered from what he was in blooming health. She looked at him with

a sweet smile, but said nothing. I saw she felt his absence, and told me in the evening, "she was twice going to be sorry (by which she generally meant weeping) for him, but she would not let herself." The day he was buried, she was in the same composed state of mind ; but, however, I saw she grieved deeply, when I could no longer hide my own feelings, as I listened to the tolling bell, and watched, from the window, the group that followed to the church-yard the endearing little play-fellow of the family. She tried all she could to sooth and comfort me ; I felt ashamed of her superior attainments, for I knew well it was not want of sensibility, for she was tremblingly alive to feeling.

She was invited to ——— by her kind friends, in the vain hope that the change of air might be of use to her. Here her excessive timidity was a great cause of pain to her ; she could scarce bear any one to look at her, or, indeed, any of us to go very near her, for fear of having the air excluded ; but she often expressed to me how much obliged she felt to them for their great attention and kindness, and put up many prayers for them all, following the various and unwearied inventions of her grandmother, for her ease or comfort, as from

the immediate hand of the Lord. She never took the slightest refreshment of any kind that she did not silently ask a blessing, with her little taper fingers covering her eyes, or clasping her hands together, and looking up to the bountiful Giver. How often have I wished the world could partake of her spirit, as I have stood by her side. She regretted much the absence of her father, and was some days before she could be reconciled to be without him, and urged me several times to take her back to him. The victory of grace over nature surely was strongly portrayed in her, by her so ardently longing to be away with her Saviour, though her affection for me, which was of the strongest kind, from infancy, was as "dust of the balance," in comparison: though to be separated from me for a few minutes, or even the curtain to hide me from her, made her uneasy, nor could she turn in the bed without first making me promise to come to the other side, and slept with my hand locked in her's. As night drew on she always rejoiced that I might be still closer to her, and frequently remarked, "what happy nights God sent us;" though at this time her rest was greatly disturbed by her dreadful cough, which violently

convulsed her whole frame, sometimes a few minutes only, intervening between each fit of it. When she found it more distressing and suffocating than usual, she used to make a sign to me, by pointing with her finger upward, to pray for assistance from above for her. Whenever she lay awake we resumed that subject most interesting to her, and endeavoured to realise the Lord's presence with us. Sometimes when I had hoped she was in a slumber, I have heard her in a soft whisper, though scarcely able to speak for want of breath, put up some short petition, or repeat a verse of a hymn, or text of Scripture, until she would drop asleep, till roused again by the cough, or by her burning thirst ; but never did I see the least impatience in all she went through. She dozed a good deal in the day, but in the intermediate time her only enjoyment was hearing the Bible, and having hymns sung or read to her ; and have often been obliged to give over, from real fatigue, when she would request, in the sweetest manner, " that I would not tire myself." The chapters she most frequently asked for, were Christ's temptation, and the one in St. John, where our Lord was in the garden praying, when taken by the chief priest to be crucified,

and the crucifixion; also some of the Psalms. "Jesu' lover of my soul," seemed to be very pleasing to her, the tune as well as words.—This also was a chief favourite:—

I long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus has fix'd his abode;
O! when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God, &c. &c.

This appeared to be the echo of her own soul. There was one I have not mentioned that had been for some months a great favourite also, and which astonished me the more as she seemed to understand it.

O what shall I do my Saviour to praise!
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
The weakest believer that hangs upon him.

How happy the man, whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall, as their right, thy righteousness claim;

Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by thy blood
 Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r,
 And I also trust to see the glad hour;
 My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
 The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.

For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence !
 I trust in his word, none plucks me from thence :
 Since I have found favour, he all things will do ;
 My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.

Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made known ;
 For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,
 And share in the gladness of all that believe.

Her body was now so worn and thin, and her weakness so great, that it was wonderful she could live in such a state. One day I had endeavoured in vain to settle her in the bed in easy posture ; she felt, " vain was the help man," and said, taking hold of the bed-clothes and gently closing them, " Dear Mamma, God will settle me ;" and so it proved, for she immediately lost her uneasiness.

She sometimes reclined in a large chair near the window, from which she saw a poor child with its mother, frequently sitting in view ; the child was about the size and age of the one

had just lost ; it interested her very much, and she several times begged me to send it down some of the things that were prepared for her.

She wished much for fruit, as being most likely to cool her parched lips: her friends had tried every method to procure some for her without success, as it was rather early in the season, when most unexpectedly a poor woman, living some miles off, brought from her own garden a plate of strawberries, not knowing our wish to procure them. Nanette said nothing at the time she got them, but when we were alone, she told me, " God had sent them to her, for she had prayed to him to send her some." A few nights before her death, she heard some one in the room complain they could not go to the pump, as the watchdog was loose in the yard, when she immediately said, though she seldom now spoke, " can't you, Mamma, pray that the dog may not touch her, and then there is no fear." I asked her one evening, if she would come down and visit me, after she had got to heaven ; she answered, " Oh ! yes," and, after a short pause she added, " if the Lord will let me." She had made the same promise to her father, which, at the time, I did not know ; and had herself expressed great satis-

faction at the idea that her little brother might be hovering around us.

When we settled for the night, after we had joined in prayer, in which we latterly mentioned her hourly expected dissolution, she kissed me, and repeated a little saying of her own, which she always used upon the same occasion, for near two years, which was "good night my dear Mamma—God bless you, and heavenly angels guard your bed ;" but this night she added, with great solemnity, "Jesus feed you." The next evening, which was the last of her earthly days, she appeared to wish very much to see her father, and then mentioned her two remaining brothers ; when I put her in mind how impossible it was for me to gratify her wishes, she uttered two or three moans ; I think she felt as if she would never see them again. The same night I remarked to the person that slept in the room, that I feared the dog that was barking near the house might disturb her, as I thought she was asleep ; she immediately began Watts's children's hymn,

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite," &c.

and did not quite finish it, when she begun,

"O what shall I do my Saviour to praise !"

She said most of it and then dropped asleep. It

surprised me she was able to say so much, as her breathing was extremely difficult, and had mostly lain with her eyes shut for the last few days. I had told her, either that day or the one previous, that she now would soon be in heaven, when she exclaimed with animation, "Oh I am glad of it! there is no more pain or sorrow there." She slept more than usual that night. I lifted her up to cough about three o'clock, and asked her, when I was laying her down again, which way I should turn her, and she answered in her own affectionate manner, "Oh, towards you!" About six, I suddenly awoke, and looking at her, found her eyes open, but a great change was visible in her countenance; I asked her some question, when, with the greatest difficulty, she slowly articulated—No!—Now the long dreaded moment was arrived! I could only lean on God for support to go through the agonizing scene that followed: she fixed her eyes on me while she had any remaining sense; but severe were her last struggles. I earnestly implored the Lord to release her, and upon reiterated supplications, it was as if spoke into my soul, that I must be content to let her suffer as long as was the will of the Lord. I was constrained to cry out,

"Lord, then let her suffer as long as thou wilt ;" when immediately a great calm came over my mind ; I sat down at the foot of the bed to wait his will, and in a few minutes she breathed her last ! The solemn stillness of the presence of the Lord was around us, and I felt as if we were surrounded by ministering angels, come to bear her gentle, happy spirit, to that Redeemer whom she had so constantly and so ardently longed to behold in his glory !

She died the 9th of July, 1819, being five years and five months old.

HYMN.

- 1 ' WHY flow these torrents of distress,
(The gentle Saviour cries,) ' Why are my sleeping saints survey'd
' With such desponding eyes ?
- 2 ' Death's feeble arm shall never boast
' A friend of Christ is slain ;
' Nor o'er their meaner part, in dust,
' A lasting power retain.
- 3 ' I come, on wings of love I come,
' The slumb'ers to awake ;
' My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
' And all its bonds shall break.
- 4 ' Touch'd by my hand, in smiles they rise,
' They rise to sleep no more !
' But rob'd with light, and crown'd with joy,
' To endless day they soar.'

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

MISS EMILY NEWENHAM,

WHO DIED IN AUGUST, 1815, AGED 13 YEARS.



"AFFLICTIONS are as nails driven by the hand of grace, which crucify us to the world. The husbandman ploughs his lands, the gardener prunes his trees, to make them fruitful; the jeweller polishes his diamonds, to make them shine the brighter; the refiner flings his gold into the furnace, that it may come out the purer; and God afflicts his people to make them better." I have seen the truth of this observation strikingly exemplified in the conduct of a dear friend under many trying afflictions. She has been, indeed, in the furnace of affliction, and has come forth brighter and brighter; the Refiner has sat by, purely to purge away her dross, and, while under his afflicting hand, has given her strong consolation and good hope through grace. Her

last sad loss was a dear child, in the fourteenth year of her age; her joy and comfort under this bereavement was, that she was not taken till she had been made partaker of the hope of the gospel; she saw the Lord's Christ, and departed in peace.

This child had always evinced a remarkable sweetness of disposition; having a most tender and affectionate heart, she had endeared herself to her parents and friends. She was not only ready to oblige all that were around her, but used to anticipate their wishes. A glow of satisfaction always appeared upon her face, whenever an opportunity was presented of giving effect to the scarcely-uttered desire of a friend. She was a most diligent and interesting pupil, and showed an early attachment to the Scriptures, portions of which she promptly and eagerly committed to memory; from the time she was taught to read, it was her daily task; yet not task, it was her delight; her observations on every new and striking passage were always serious and pertinent. That which delighted her in infancy, was blessed by the Holy Spirit to her opening mind; was made the means of instructing her in the mysteries of redemption, and of consoling her

in death. For near a year preceding her dissolution, she had been in a declining state of health; and passed through much suffering, which she bore with uncommon patience, and the sweetest gentleness. Her anxious parents carried her from place to place, to obtain medical aid; but, while their hopes were thus sustained, her friends saw, with deep regret, that she was hastening to an early grave. For some time she did not evince any remarkable change of heart; but as she drew near the close of life, her views of the atonement became clear, and her evidence of her renewed life bright, so as to astonish all who beheld her, and heard her infant tongue proclaim the salvation of Jesus.

After a night of most painful suffering, she had fallen asleep; upon awaking, she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and with the most tender expressions of love, she said, "O mamma, how glad I should be to go to my God, who has made all my peace; leaving me, a poor sinner, nothing to do for myself, but for the sorrow I feel at the thought of grieving my dear parents; for surely no child ever had such dear parents!"

So great was her taste for heavenly enjoyments, that when the toys, which amused her lighter and healthier hours were distributed by her amongst her young companions, she most feelingly bewailed the time irrecoverably gone, which she said had been wasted for them; and made it her dying warning and request, that while her beloved playmates preserved them as remembrances of her, they would not permit them to interfere with their useful acquirements, or with their religious concerns.

When a kind friend, who attended her during her illness, asked her if she would give her doll to her sister Eliza, she immediately replied, "Oh no, not for the world; I could never think of giving it to her, when I remember how much time I mis-spent with it myself; and I so doat upon her, I would give her nothing which could be hurtful to her." To withhold from children the use of those little amusing trifles, which generally occupy their attention in play, were not, perhaps, altogether desirable, but ever to permit them to interfere with weightier engagements would surely be highly censurable in those who have the charge of their education.

They should be so taught to use them, that they would cheerfully resign them, when called to graver pursuits. May all little children, who read the above anecdote, learn to think as lightly of their toys, and as justly of their true interests, as the sweet child who so pathetically lamented her idle hours, and those were not many; and who so joyfully renounced all the things of time for communion with her Saviour.

During this time of most bitter suffering, her afflicted mother writes, "My sweet child never uttered one impatient word, but was full of thankfulness to all around her, giving praises to God incessantly, who had opened her lips to declare the free salvation of Jesus, and who enabled her to rejoice in beholding no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

Thus did God ordain praise from the mouth of this babe; experienced Christians, who witnessed her triumph over the last enemy, declaring they had never beheld so edifying a sight, or seen so bright an instance of the grace of Christ, which bringeth salvation, and enlarges the heart to shew forth the praises of redeeming love; giving to this child wisdom above her years, and such a

view of her own heart, and of the freedom of salvation, as was truly astonishing.

When asked, was there any good thing in the creature to recommend to the divine favour? she replied, with the greatest energy, "No, no!" her heart, she said, was evil, and only evil, and that continually; that in her there was no good thing; that through Jesus alone she expected salvation. She remembered, she said, having heard her uncle say, that the death-bed was the place where the Christian would be known; that she now felt that she was one; that through Jesus Christ alone, who died for her, she enjoyed that peace which is the peculiar privilege of the Christian in the hour of death; that Jesus supported her under all her afflictions, and that through him alone she hoped to be soon with him. She was called to endure a severe conflict of most acute bodily suffering, before her happy spirit was dismissed; but according to her hope, her Saviour did not leave nor forsake her; he gave her inward peace, and joy unspeakable; the everlasting arms were underneath her, and the enemy had no advantage over her; the dark valley of the shadow of death was enlightened by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness; her great High Priest

Went before to make straight paths for her feet, so that the flood did not come nigh her ; angels ministered unto her ; her emancipated spirit entered into the courts of the Lord, amidst joyful exclamations, where she now beholds Jesus as he is, and is for ever exempt from sin, and pain, and sorrow.

“ She ranges now the heav’nly plains,
And sings in sweet, heart-melting strains ;
And now her soul begins to prove
The heights and depths of Jesu’s love.

“ Cheer’d with his eternal smile,
She sings hosanna all the while ;
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sinks down adoring at his feet !”

Her poor suffering body now rests in the grave till the morning of the resurrection ; then shall the trumpet sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. That body worn out with sickness, and sown in corruption, shall rise in transcendant beauty and splendour, arrayed as a bride adorned for the bridegroom, and be re-united to its beatified spirit.

When we hear such a testimony borne to the religion of Jesus, are we not convinced of its peculiar excellence ? What but that faith which

overcometh the world, could thus disarm death of its sting, make the bed of suffering a Bethel—separating the heart from surrounding objects, and causing this child to rejoice in the hope of the glory of God? Are we not constrained to cry out, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers?”

Let us view its power, also, in supporting and consoling the afflicted and bereaved Christian. It alone has supported the fond mother, and enabled her to rejoice in the hour of sorrow, as she thus writes: “I cannot but praise God for his abundant mercy, vouchsafed me in the midst of my trouble, as I beheld my poor suffering child; and when the most remote thought of danger occurred to me, I felt as if I must die before her, I so shuddered at the idea; and yet now God has enabled me to be satisfied with his dealings towards me, and even to thank and praise him for his rich display of free mercy and love, abundantly bestowed upon the dear child that was mine, and now reigns with God in glory; nor would I have it otherwise, were it in my power. Let us view the hardness of the heart of man, the awful distance he is from God by nature, how many are in the broad and crowded road that leads to destruction, the disquietude that is spread over

the face of the earth—and then consider, could we wish to bring back to this sinful world those dear objects redeemed from amongst men, placed at the right hand of God, where no more sin nor sorrow can reach them? At least, if I know myself I could not; but I behold them with joy, and peace, and thankfulness, in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places, secured from the storm and sheltered from the heat.—This is my comfort in my trouble, and I feel my heart enlarged with thankfulness, when I consider that neither distance, nor climate, nor things present, nor life, nor death, could separate the love of God from my darling child, Robert, whose death I could never bear to think of till now without murmuring; but, with my darling Emily, I view him as the ransomed of the Lord, who shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away; and even while my poor selfish heart is continually following my loved Emily to the grave, I do not find myself a weeping mother, but, remembering that she is ascended up on high, I am restored again, and enabled to give God praise for his redeeming love, freely and abundantly bestowed upon my sweet child."

Here we see that the consolations of God are not small; when he giveth peace, who then can give trouble? So inexpressibly sweet and consoling are the supports of the Gospel, when the afflicted soul is led by the Spirit of God to them alone for comfort: poor afflicted Hagar was directed by an angel to a fountain of water; she drank, and was refreshed. Let the mourner fly to Jesus, the fountain of life; there he may drink, ~~yea~~ drink abundantly; they that sow in tears shall reap in joy. God is emphatically called the God of all consolation; this the afflicted believer experiences, and this experience animates his hope and brightens his evidence of an interest in Jesus.

The death-bed of a Christian is edifying. It ought to make a deep and lasting impression on our hearts; but surrounding objects call off our thoughts. Those things which are seen, and are temporal, engross us wholly, and our serious impressions are too frequently as the morning cloud and early dew, which passeth away. Let the admonitory voice be heard, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

In beholding this sweet flower cut off thus

early, let the young be admonished ; there is no security in youth or health ; death spares not, and often comes at the most unexpected moment. Acquaint thyself with God *now*, and be at peace ; thereby shall good come unto thee. Let the aged also be admonished to prepare for that awful account they are shortly to give ; and let none expect to stand in their own righteousness, when they hear this child declaring that her heart was evil and her only hope was Jesus. Let parents be admonished to train up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, thereby shall they have hope in their death ; and in educating their children for eternity instead of time, shall reap a full reward ; if spared to them, such an education will but secure that dutiful obedience, which will be a solace to their declining years ; and should they be called to resign their beloved offspring to Him who gave them, how great will be their consolation if they have been honoured instruments in training up an heir of glory ; and even should they not be so highly favoured as to see their labours owned of God, they will be spared the inexpressibly bitter pang of self-condemnation.

Poetry.

EPITAPH ON FOUR INFANTS.

BOLD Infidelity, turn pale and die ;
Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie ;
Say, are they lost or sav'd ?
If death by sin—they sinn'd, because they're here ;
If heaven by works—in heaven they can't appear.
Ah, reason, how déprav'd !
Peruse the Bible's sacred page—
They died, for Adam sinn'd ; they live, for Jesus died,

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

On life's wild ocean, sorrowful and pain'd,
How many voyagers their course perform !
This little bark a kinder fate obtain'd ;
It reach'd the harbour, ere it met the storm.

THE GARDENER AND ROSE TREE;

A FABLE.

*Affectionately addressed to Mrs. I. H—, on the Death of
her Child, by her truly sympathising Friend.*

MARCH 12, 1798,

IN a sweet spot which wisdom chose,
Grew an *unique* and lovely Rose ;
A flower so fair was seldom borne—
A Rose, almost without a thorn.
Each passing stranger stopp'd to view
A plant possessing charms so new :
Sweet flower! each lip was heard to say—
Nor less the owner pleas'd than they :
Rear'd by his hand, with constant care,
And planted in his choice parterre,
Of all his garden this the pride,
No flow'r so much admir'd beside.

Nor did the Rose unconscious bloom,
Nor feel ungrateful for the boon ;
Oft as her guardian came that way,
Whether at dawn or eve of day,
Expanded wide, her form unveil'd,
She *double fragrance* then exhal'd.

As months roll'd on, the spring appear'd,
Its genial rays the Rose matur'd ;

Forth from its root a shoot extends—
The parent Rose-tree downward bends,
And, with a joy unknown before,
Contemplates the yet embryo flower.

“ Offspring most dear ! (she fondly said,)
Part of myself ! beneath my shade
Safe shalt thou rise, whilst happy I,
Transported with maternal joy,
Shall see thy little buds appear,
Unfold, and bloom in beauty here.
What though the Lily, or Jonquil,
Or Hyacinth, no longer fill
The space around me—*all* shall be
Abundantly made up in *thee*.

“ What though my present charms decay,
And passing strangers no more say
Of *me*, ‘ Sweet flower !’ Yet thou shalt raise
Thy blooming head, and gain the praise ;
And this reverberated pleasure
Shall be to me a world of treasure.
Cheerful I part with former merit,
That I my darling may inherit.
Haste then the hours which bid thee bloom,
And fill the zephyrs with perfume !”

Thus had the Rose-tree scarcely spoken,
Ere the sweet cup of bliss was broken—
The Gard’ner came, and with one stroke
He from the root the offspring took ;
Took from the soil wherein it grew,
And hid it from the parent’s view.

Judge ye, who know a mother's cares
For the dear tender babe she bears,
The parent's anguish—ye alone
Such sad vicissitudes have known.

Deep was the wound, nor slight the pain,
Which made the Rose-tree thus complain :—

“ Dear little darling, art thou gone !
Thy charms scarce to thy mother known !
Remov'd so soon ! so suddenly
Snatch'd from my fond maternal eye !
What hast thou done ? dear offspring, say,
So early to be snatch'd away !
What ! gone for ever ! seen no more !
For ever I thy loss deplore.
Ye dews descend, with tears supply
My now for ever tearful eye ;
Or rather, come some northern blast,
Dislodge my yielding roots in haste.
Whirlwinds arise—my branches tear,
And to some distant region bear,
Far from this spot, a wretched mother,
Whose fruit and joys are gone together.”

As thus the anguish'd Rose-tree cried,
Her owner near her she espied ;
Who in these gentle terms reprov'd
A plant, though murmuring, still belov'd :—

“ Cease, beauteous flow'r, these useless cries,
And let my lessons make thee wise.
Art thou not mine ? did not my hand
Transplant thee from the barren sand,

Where once a mean unsightly plant,
Expos'd to injury and want,
Unknown and unadmir'd, I found,
And brought thee to this fertile ground ;
With studious art improv'd thy form,
Secur'd thee from th' inclement storm,
And, through the seasons of the year,
Made thee my unabating care ?
Hast thou not blest thy happy lot,
In such an owner, such a spot ?
But now, because thy shoot I've taken,
Thy best of friends must be forsaken.
Know, flow'r belov'd, e'en this affliction
Shall prove to thee a benediction ;
Had I not th' young plant remov'd,
(So fondly by thy heart belov'd,)
Of me thy heart would scarce have thought,
With gratitude no more be fraught ;
Yea, thy own beauty be at stake
Surrender'd, for thy offspring's sake.
Nor think, that, hidden from thy eyes,
The infant plant *neglected* lies ;
No—I've *another garden*, where,
In richer soil and purer air,
It's now transplanted, there to shine
In beauties fairer far than thine.

Nor shalt thou always be apart
From the dear darling of thy heart ;
For 'tis my purpose *thee* to bear,
In future time, and plant thee there,

Where thy now absent off-set grows,
And blossoms, a *CELESTIAL Rose*.
Be patient, then, till that set hour shall come,
When thou and thine shall in new beauties bloom :
No more its absence shalt thou then deplore—
Together grow, and ne'er be parted more."

These words to silence hush'd the plaintive Rose ;
With deeper blushes redd'ning now she glows,
Submissive bow'd her unrepining head,
Again her wonted, grateful fragrance shed—
Cried, "Thou hast taken only what's thine own,
Therefore thy will, my Lord, not mine, be done."

TO A DYING INFANT.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SLEEP, little baby, sleep !
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast,
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Yes ; with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be ;
Oh ! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursing,
 Flee to thy grassy nest ;
 There the first flow'rs shall blow,
 The first pure flake of snow
 Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace ! peace ! the little bosom
 Labours with shortening breath :
 Peace ! peace ! that tremulous sigh
 Speaks his departure nigh ;
 Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
 A thing all health and glee ;
 But never then wert thou
 So beautiful as now,
 Baby, thou seem'st to me.
 Thine upturn'd eyes glaz'd over,
 Like hare-bells wet with dew,
 Already veil'd and hid
 By the convulsed lid,
 Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open,
 Thy soft lip quivering,
 As if (like summer air
 Ruffling the rose leaves) there
 Thy soul were fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence !
 Young spirit ! haste, depart !
 And is this death ! dead thing !
 If such thy visiting,
 How beautiful thou art !

Oh ! I could gaze for ever

Upon that waxen face :

So passionless ! so pure !

The little shrine was sure

An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless mother !

Aye, weep, 'twill ease thine heart ;

He was thy first-born son,

Thy first, thine only one ;

'Tis hard from him to part !

'Tis hard to lay thy darling

Deep in the damp cold earth

His empty crib to see,

His silent nursery,

Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again, in slumber,

His small mouth's rosy kiss ;

Then, wakened with a start

By thine own throbbing heart,

His twining arms to miss !

To feel, half conscious why,

A dull, heart-sinking weight,

Till memory on thy soul

Flashes the painful whole

That thou art desolate.

And then to lie and weep,

And think, the live-long night,

(Feeding thine own distress

With accurate greediness.)

Of every past delight ;

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles !

Oh ! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling,
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother !
In after years, look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing,)
With sadness not unpleasing;
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, " My first-born blessing !
It almost broke my heart,
When thou wert forc'd to go ;
And yet, for thee, I know
'Twas better to depart.

God took thee, in his mercy,
A lamb untask'd, untried ;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory !
And thou art sanctified.

I look around and see
The evil ways of men ;
And oh, beloved child !
I'm more than reconcil'd
To thy departure then.

The little arms that clasp'd me,
The innocent lips that prest,
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lull'd thee on my breast ?

Now (like a dew-drop shrin'd
Within a crystal stone)
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove,
Safe with the Source of love,
The everlasting One !

And when the hour arrives
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me."

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER,

ON THE DEATH OF A DARLING CHILD.

THERE was the parting sigh ;
With that the spirit fled,
And wing'd its flight on high,
And left the body dead :
No prayers, no tears, its flight could stay ;
'Twas Jesus call'd the soul away.

Oh ! how shall I complain
Of Him who rules above ;
Who sends no needless pain ;
Who always smiles in love ;
Who looks in tenderest pity down,
Even when he seems to wear a frown.

The eye of Jesus wept,
It dropp'd a holy tear,
When Mary's brother slept,
A friend to Jesus dear :
Delightful thought ! that blessed eye
Still beams with kindness in the sky ?

I know my babe is blest,
Her bliss by Jesus given ;
She's early gone to rest,
She's found an early heaven :
The sigh that clos'd her days on earth,
Was signal of her happier birth.

But, ah ! my spirits fail,
I feel a pang untold ;
Those ruby lips so pale !
That blushing cheek so cold !
And dim those eyes of " dewy light,"
That smil'd, and glanc'd so sweetly bright.

To lay that darling form,
So lovely even in death,
Food for corruption's worm,
The mouldering earth beneath !
O worse to me than twice to part,
Than second death-stroke to my heart !

As summer flower she grew,
Expanding to the morn,
All gem'd with sparkling dew,
A flower without a thorn ;
A mother's sweet and lovely flower,
Sweeter and lovelier every hour.

But, ah ! my morning bloom
Scarce felt the warming ray ;
An unexpected gloom
Obscur'd the rising day :
A dreary, cold, and withering blast,
Low on the ground its beauties cast.

Its glistening leaves are shed,
That spread so fresh and fair ;
The balmy fragrance fled,
That scented all the air :
And lowly laid its lifeless form,
The gentle victim of the storm.

But why in anguish weep ?
Hope beams upon my view ;
'Tis but a winter's sleep—
My flower shall spring anew :
Each darling flower in earth that sleeps,
O'er which fond memory hangs and weeps—

All to new life shall rise,
In heavenly beauty bright ;
Shall charm my ravish'd eyes,
In tints of rainbow light ;
Shall bloom unfading in the skies,
And drink the dews of Paradise !

O, this is blest relief !
My fainting heart it cheers ;
It cools my burning grief,
And sweetens all my tears.
These eyes shall see my darling then,
Nor shed a parting tear again.

And while my bleeding heart
Laments for comforts gone,
I only mourn a part—
I am not left alone :
Though nipt some buds of opening joy,
How many still my thanks employ !

And *thou*, my second heart,
Lov'd partner of my grief,
Heaven bids not thee depart,
Of earthly joys the chief :
A favour'd wife, and mother still ;
Let grateful praise my bosom fill.

RALPH WARDIAW.

Edinburgh.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE

DEATH OF THE INFANT SON OF THE REV. J. D. S.

Born 7th September, 1818, at D—bl—n C—e :

Died 12th January, 1820, at S—tt—n, Hants.

Go, lovely spirit, take thy flight,
Abide in uncreated light :
Go join the infant throng call'd hence,
Before they reach'd maturer sense :
Like boundless faculties obtain,
And swell with them the Saviour's train.
The hour of thy removal come,
None can retard thy progress home.
The healing art its weakness owns ;
Death never heeds a parent's moans ;
Nor would affection keep thee here,
Subject to sin, disease, and fear.
Endear'd by many tender ties,
'Twere vain our sorrows to disguise ;
But taught to prize the will of God,
We value the afflicting rod.
Assur'd of Chrst's redeeming love,
We doubt not thou art bless'd above.
For though partaking Adam's sin,
Corrupt, polluted, vile within,
Atoning blood can wash out all,
Efface each blemish of the fall ;

While grace divine can change thy heart,
That latent germ of faith impart,
Which life prolong'd to life would start. }
And, since e'en childhood cannot boast
The innocence our father lost,
Our confidence we needs must place,
Not in thy youth, but Jesu's grace.
On earth, the little nurselings blest,
His love of infancy attest.
His covenant their names must bear,
Their angels with the ransom'd share
Those blessings round the eternal throne,
For sinners gain'd by God's own Son.
Attach'd to that adoring throng,
Uniting in their grateful song,
And fill'd with pure seraphic fire, }
What friend could selfishly desire
To draw thee from their blissful choir?
But though thou never from that bourn
To our embraces canst return,
We likewise soon shall enter rest,
And be with thee supremely blest.
Thus solac'd, until then, adieu! }
The days which intervene are few;
Already glory meets our view;
Whilst our lov'd child and angels come,
To guide our ransom'd spirits home.







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